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#### A WELCOME TO SUMMER.

The Summer has come! oh, the Summe has come! The roses are blooming, the honey-bees hum;
I hear the birds sing,
And I see a bright wing
Flash down by my window where trumpet
vines cling;
I see the bird sipping the bright dow which
fell

Last night in the cup of each scarlet-hued bell. He gives me a glance of his saucy black eye, As if he would ask, "Don't you wish you could fly?"

The Summer is here! oh, the Summer is

here!
Full-freighted with beauty, the Queen of
the year.
And all her gay band
With bountiful hand
Fling flewers and foliage over the land.
The knobby old orchard's a forest of bloom;
Its perfume comes wafting and fills all the

And the crooked, brown apple-boughs joy ously sway
Broad arms of welcome, embracing the day.

The meadows are shining with jewels and

gcms—
Quivering blossoms on tremulous stems.
The bright cups swing,
And the tiny bells ring,
Welcome to Summer in everything!
Welcome her, welcome her, flowers and trees! me her, welcome her, streamlet and breese!

Warble, ye woodland birds—honey-bees, hum! Summer is here at last-Summer has come

#### THE WHITE SQUAW. A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

A DEADLY INTRODUCTION.

The last golden gleams of the setting sun sparkled across the translucent waters of Tampa Bay. This fading light feel upon shores fringed with groves of oak and magnolia, whose evergreen leaves became gradually darkened by the purple twilight.

A profound silence, broken by the occasional notes of a tree-frog, or the flapping of the nighthawk's wings, was but the prelude to that wonderful concert of animated nature heard only in the tropical forest.

A few moments, and the golden lines of trembling light had disappeared, while darkness almost palpable overshadowed the scene.

Then broke forth in full chorus the nocturnal voices of the forest.

Then broke forth in tun chorus the internal voices of the forest.

The mocking bird, the whip-poor-will, the bittern, the bell-frog, grasshoppers, wolves, and alligators, all joined in the harmony incidents to the hour of night, causing a din startling to the ear of a stranger.

Now and then would occur an interval of silence, which rendered the renewal of the voices all the more observable. During one of these pauses a cry might have been heard differing from all the other

It was the voice of a human being, and there was one who heard it.

Making his way through the woods was a young man, dressed in half-hunter costume, and carrying a rifle in his hand. The cry had caused him to stop suddenly in his

After glancing cautiously around, as if en-After glancing cautiously around, as it deavoring to pierce the thick darkness, he again advanced, again came to a stop, and remained listening. Once more came that cry, in which accents of anger were strangely commingled with tones appealing

r help. This time the sound indicated the direction, and the listener's resolution was at once

taken.

Thrusting aside the undergrowth, and trampling under foot the tall grass, he struck into a narrow path running parallel to the shore, and which led in the direction whence the cry appeared to have come.

Though it was now quite dark, he seemed easily to get over impediments, which even in broad daylight would have been difficult to pass.

The darkness appeared no barrier to his speed, and neither the hanging branches, nor the wild vine roots stayed his progress.

About a hundred paces further on, the path widened into a road that led to an opening, aloping gradually down to the beach.

On reaching its edge, he paused once more to listen for a renewal of the sound. Nothing save the familiar noises of the night greeted his ear.

After a short pause, he kent on for the

"After a short pause, he kept on for the water's edge, with head well forward and eyes strained to penetrate the gloom.

At that moment the moon shot out from behind a heavy bank of clouds, and, with a brilliant beam, disclosed to his eager gaze a tableau of terrible interest.

Down by the water's edge lay the body of an Indian youth, motionless, and to all ap-

Section Section



"LEAN ON MH, MY CANOE IS CLOSE BY."

pearance dead; while stooping over it was another youth, also an Indian. He appeared to be examining the body.

For some seconds there was no change in his attitude. Then all at once he raised himself erect, and with a tomahawk that flashed in the moonlight above his head, appeared in the act of dealing a blow.

The hatchet descended; but not upon the body that lay prestrate.

The hatchet descended; but not upon the body that lay prostrate.

A sharp report ringing on the air for an instant silenced all other sounds. The would-be assassin sprang up almost simultaneously, and two corpses instead of one lay along the earth.

So thought he who had fired the shot, and who was the young man already described. He stayed not to speculate, but rushed forward to the spot where the two Indians lay. He had recognized them both. Theone upon the ground was Nelatu, the son Oluski, a distinguished Seminole chief. The other was Red Wolf, a wellgrown youth belonging to the same tribe.

Only glancing at the would-be assassin to see that he was dead, he bent over the body of Nelatu, placed his hand upon the region of his heart, at the same time anxiously scanning his features.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of suprise. Beneath is fuvers a weak pulsa-

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Beneath is flugers a weak pulsation gave signs of life. Nelatu might yet be saved.

Pulling off his hat, he ran down to the beach, filled it with water, and, returning, sprinkled the forehead of the young Indian. Then taking a flask containing brandy from his pouch, he poured a portion of its contents down the throat of the unconscious youth.

youth. These kindly offices he repeated several anese ainaly offices he repeated several times, and was finally rewarded for his pains. The blood slowly mantled Nelatu's cheek; a shivering ran through his frame; and with a deep sigh, he gazed dreamily upon his preserver, at the same time faintly mur-mured. Warren."

"Yes, Warren! Speak, Nelatu! What is the meaning of this?"
The Indian had only the strength to mutter the words "Red Wolf," at the same time raising his hand to his side with apparatus

rent difficulty.

rent difficulty.

The gesture made his meaning clear. Warren's gase rested upon a deep wound from
which the blood was still welling. By the tremulous movement of his lips, Warren saw that he was endeavoring to speak again. But no sound came from them. His eyes gradually became closed. He had once more fainted.

Warren instantly flung off his coat, tore one of the sleeves from his shirt, and commenced stanching the blood.

After a time it ceased to flow, and then tearing off the second sleeve, with his braces knotted together, he bound up the

wound.

The wounded youth slowly recovered consciousness, and looking gratefully up into his face pressed the hand of his deliverer.

"Nelatu owes Warren life. He will some

"Nelatu owes Warren life. He will some day show his gratitude."
"Don't think of that now. Tell me what has happened? I heard your cry, and hastened to your assistance."
"No Nelatu's cry," responded the Indian, with a faint blush of pride suffusing his face. "Nelatu is the son of a chief. He knows how to die without showing himself a woman. It was Rod Wolf who cried out."

"Red Wolf!"
"Yes. Red wolf is a coward—a squaw; like a painter's palette, ran a crystal stream, from which the rice fields were watered by the will never ory out again. Look there!" said Warren, pointing to the life-

less corpse that lay near.

Nelatu had not yet seen it. Unconscious
of what had transpired, he believed that Red
Wolf, supposing him dead, had gone away from the spot.

from the spot.

Warren explained.
Still more gratefully did the Indian youth gaze upon the face of his preserver.

"You had an encounter with Red Wolf? I can see that of course; it was he who gave you this wound?"

"Yes, but I had first defeated him. I had him on the ground in my power. I could have taken his life. It was then, that like a coward, he called for help."

"And after?"

"I pitied and let him rise. I expected him to leave me, and go back to the village.

I price and let nim rise. I expected him to leave me, and go back to the village. He feared that I might speak of his defeat to our tribe, and for this he determined that my tongue should be for ever silent. I was not thinking of it when he thrust me from behind. You know the rest,

"And why the quarrel?"

"He spoke wicked words of my sister.

Sansuta. "Sansuta!" exclaimed Warren, a strange

"Sansuta!" exclaimed Warren, a strange smile overshadowing his features.
"Yes; and of you."
"The dog; then he doubly deserved death. And from me!" he added, in a tone not loud enough for Nelatu to hear, "what a lucky chance."
As he said this he convented the

As he said this be spurned the body with "Do you think you could walk a little. Then turning to the Indian he asked—

The brandy had by this time produced an effect. Its potent spirit supplied the loss of blood, and Nelatu felt his strength returning

to him.
"I will try," said the wounded youth. Nelatu's hour has not yet come. He nust not die till he has paid his debt to

"Then lean on me. My canoe is close by. Once in it you can rest at your ease." Nelatu nodded consent. Warren assisted him to rise, and, half cor-

rying, half supporting, conducted him to the Carefully helping him aboard he ah

the craft from the shore, and turned its prow in the direction of the white settlement. prow in the direction of the white settlement. The moon, that had become again obscured, once more burst through the black clouds, lighting up the frouds of the feathery palms that flung their shadows far over the pellucid waves.

The concert of the nocturnal forest, for a time stayed by the report of the rifle, burst out anew as the boat glided silently out of sight

CHAPTER II.

THE SETTLEMENT. The site of the settlement to which the cance was being directed merits descrip-It was upon the northern shore of Tampe

Bay.
The soil that had been cleared was rich in crops of cotton, indigo, sugar, with oranges and the ordinary staples of food.

threads in a tissue.

Orange groves margined its course, running sinuously through the settlement.

In places it was lost to sight, only to reappear with some new feature of beauty.

Here and there it exhibited cascades and slight waterfalls that danced in the sun-light, sending up showers of prismatic spray.

There were islets upon which grew reeds, sedges and canes, surmounted by groups of caricas, and laurel-magnolias, the exogenous trees overtopped by the tall, feathery palm.

In its waters wild fowl disported them

In its waters wild fowl disported themselves, scattering showers of luminous spray as they flapped their wings in delight.

Birds of rare plumage darted hither and thither along its banks, enlivening the groves with their jocund notes.

Far beyond, the swamp forest formed a dark, dreary back-ground, which, by contrast, enhanced the cheerfulness of the scene.

Looking acaward, the prospect was no less respiculent of beauty.

The water, dashing and fretting against the rocky quays, glanced back to mist and

Snow-white gulls burried along the horizon, their wings cutting sharply against an azure sky, while along the silvery beach, tall blue herons, brown cranes, and scarlet flamingoes, stood in rows, their forms re-flected in the pellucid element. Such were the surroundings of the settle-

ment on Tampa Bay.

The village itself neatled beneath the bills already mentioned, and comprised a church, some half-dozen stores, with a number of substantial dwellings, whilst a rude wharf. and several schooners, moored near by, gave tokens of intercourse with other

laces.

It was a morning in May, in Florida, the weetest month of the year.

Borne upon the balmy atmosphere was the hum of bees and the melody of birds, mingled with the voices of young girls and men engaged in the labor of their farms and

The lowing of cattle could be heard in the distant grasing grounds, while the tillers of the soil were seen at work upon their respective plantations.

There was one who looked upon this cheer-ful seene without seeming to partake of its

obcerfulness.

oheerfulness.
Standing upon the top of the hill was a man of tall, gaunt figure, with a face somewhat austere in its expression.
His strongly lined features, with a firm expression about the mouth, marked him for a man of no common mould.
He appeared to be about sixty.
As his keen, gray eyes wandered over the fields below, there was a cold, determined light in them which betrayed no pleasant train of thought.

train of thought.

It spoke of covetous ambition.

Behind him, upon the hill-top, of table shape, were poles standing up out of the earth. Around them the sward was trampled, and the scorched grass, worn in many direc-tions into paths, signified that at no distant period the place had been inhabited. The sign could not be mistaken; it was the site of an Indian encampment.

Elias Rody, as he turned

What were his wishes? What

mind.

They were too bitter for sile vented themselves in words, which alone listened to.

"Why should these redskins post I so deeply long for; and only short temporary anjoyment? I fair with them; but they was it up in their selfish obstinacy, and offers."

How solfish others appear to a

How selfish others appear to a selfish man?

"Why should they continue to restrain me? If gold is worth anything, surely it should repay them for what can be only a mere fancy. I shall try Oluaki once again, and if he refuse—"
Here the speaker paused.
For some time he stood in contemplation, his eye roving over the distant view.
As it again lighted upon the settlement a smile, not a pleasant one, ourled his lip.

"Well, there is time yet," said he, as if concluding an argument with himself. "I will once more try the golden bribe. I will use caution; but here will I build my house, come what may."

This natural conclusion, to an egotistic mind, appeared satisfactory.
It seemed to soothe him, for he strede down the hill with a springy, clastic step, more like that of a young man than one over whose head had passed sixty eventful years.

CHAPTER III.

ELIAS BODY.

Whilst Elias Rody is pondaring upon his scheme, let us tell the reader who he is.
A Georgian, who began life without any fixed idea.
His father, a wealthy merchant of Savannah, had brought him up to do nothing; and, until he had attained man's estate, he faithfully carried out his father's teaching.

faitbfully carried out his rasher's tending.

Like many lads born to competence, he could not appreciate the dignity of labor, and accordingly loitered through his youthful life, wasting both time and patrimony before diacovering that idleness is a curse.

At his father's death, which happened upon Elias reaching his twentieth year, all the worthy merchant's property descended to the son, and the idler suddenly found himself the possessor of a large sum of money with a sort of feeling that something was to be done with it.

He accordingly spent it.

He accordingly spent it.

Spent it recklessly, freely and rapidly, and then discovered that what he had done was not the thing he should have done. He then became reformed.

He then became reformed.

Which meant, that from a liberal, openhanded careless follow, he changed to a
cynical, cautious man.

With a small remnant of his fortune, and

an inheritance from a distant relative, Elias became a man of the world, or rather, a orldly man.

In other words, he began life for a second

time, and on an equally wrong basis.

Before his eyes were two classes of his equals. Beckless men with large hearts, and careful men with no hearts at all, for such was the organization of the society surrounding him.
Of the first class he had full experience;
of the second he had none whatever.
To the latter he resolved to attach himself.

To the latter he resolved to attach himself.
It is useless wondering why this should have been. Perhaps he bad never been fitted for the community of large-hearted men, and had only mixed with them through novelty, or ignorance of his own station. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, he became before long a most exemplary member of the society he had selected for imitation. No one drove a closer bargain, saw an

tion. No one drove a closer bargain, saw an advantage (to himself), or could lay surer plans for securing it, than Elias Body. He learned, also, to control, and in every way wield influence over those around him. Power became his dream. He was ambitions of generalize the security of th

Strange to say, this feeling was almost fatal to his prospects. We say strange, because ambition generally carves its own road, and moulds its own fortune.

Rody, however, had commenced an active career too late to arrive at much importance in the political world—that grand arena for

attaining distinction.

He therefore cast about him for another field of ambitious strife, and speedily found At this time throughout the state of

Georgia were many planters, who, without capital to purchase additional property, found themselves daily growing poorer as

Bedy, it will be seen, was a thorough egoties.
This idea becoming fixed in his mind, the rest was easy. He spoke to them of their present condition; drew a brilliant pleture of what might be achieved in a new land; painted with masterly eloquence the increase of wealth and happiness his plan presented, and finally gathered around him a large number of families, with whom he started from Georgie, and settled in that section of Florida we have described.

The reason for Rody's selection of this spot was another proof of his profound selfshness.

fishness.

In his reckiess, generous days, he had, on the occasion of a visit to Columbus, beat the means of saving from insult and outrage a fisminols chief, who had visited the capital upon some business connected with the state government.

This set of generosity had been impulsive; but, to the Indian, it assumed the proportion of a life-long debt.

In the fulness of his gratitude, the chief caused papers and titles to be drawn up in Body's favor, giving a grant of a portion of his own property lying on the shores of Tampa Bay.

The Indian chief was named Oluski.
The Indian chief was named Oluski.
The grant of land was the settlement we have spoken of.
Rody, at the time, made light of Oluski's gratitude, and thrust the titles into his deak without bestowing a second thought on the

wanout bestowing a second thought on the matter.

Now, in his days of worldly wisdom, these papers with the Heminole's emblematic signature, were brought to light with a very different appreciation.

He saw that they represented value.

Elias Rody accordingly determined to make use of them.

It ended in his carrying a colony southward, and settling upon Tampa Bay.

The scheme which had originated in selfishness turned out a success.

The lands were valuable, the climate salubrious, and the colony thrived.

A bad man may sometimes do a good thing without intending it.

Rody received even more credit and re-

without intending it.

Hody received even more credit and renown than he had expected; and, being a
shrewd man, he schieved a part of his ambi-

tion.

He was looked up to as the most important personage in the community.

Although some of the settlers did not approve of all his measures, still, their opposition was rather negative than positive, and had, as yet, found vent only in remonstrances or grumbling.

None had dared to question his prerogative, although he often rode a high horse, and uttered his diction in a tone offensively arrogant.

what more, then, did Elias Rody want?

What more, then, did Elias Rody want?

A covetous man always wants more. Oluski's gift was a noble one. It covered a large area of fertile land, with water privileges, and a harbor for trade. It was the choicest portion of his possessions. The chief, in bestowing it, gave as a generous man gives to a friend. He gave the best he had.

Unfortunately the best he had did not embrace the hill; and, therefore, Rody was unsatisfied.

More than once during the progress of the settlement, he had cast a wishful eye upon the spot, as the choicest site in the whole district for a dwelling.

As his means expanded so had his tastes, and a grand dwelling became the great desire of his life.

It must, perforce, he built upon the hill. To every offer made to Oluski for a cossion of this spot, the chief had firmly and steadfastly given a refusal. He, too, had his ambitton; which, although not so selfish as the white man's, was not a whit less cherizhed.

For nine months in the year Oluski and his tribe dwelt in a distant Indian town, and only visited the waters of Tampa Bay for only vasiced the waters of Tampa Bay for the remaining three, and then only for pur-poses of pleasure. The wigwams of himself and people were but temporarily erected upon the hill. For all this they had an at-tachment for the spot; in short, they loved it.

This was what Elias Rody stigmatised as

a mere fancy!
There was another reason held in similar estimation by Elias. In the rear of their annual encampment was an Indian cemetery. The bones of Oluski's ancestors re-

annual tery. The bones of Oluski's ancestors reposed therein. Was it strange the spot
should be dear to him?
So dear was it, in fact, that to every proposel made by Rody for the purchase of the
hill, Oluski only shook his head, and answer-

# CHAPTER IV.

CRIS CARROL.

CRISCARROL.

Neiatu recovered from his wounds.

Warren had conducted him to a hut, the temporary residence of a man of the name of Cris Carrol.

This individual was a thorough specimen of a backwood's hunter.

He was rough in manner, but in disposition gentle as a child.

He detested the formalities and restrictions of civilization.

Even a new settlement had an oppressive air to him, which he could not endure.

It was only the necessity of disposing of his peltries and laying in a stock of annumition that bry 19th him into any spot where his fellow creatures were to be found.

To Cris Carrol the somber forest, the lonely savannah, or the trackless swamp, were the congenial homes, and bitterly he adjured the compulsory sojourn of a few days every year amongst those to whom society is a pleasure.

It was always a joyful day to him when

ciety is a pleasure.

It was always a joyful day to him when he sould shoulder his rifle, sling his game bag over his shoulder, and start anew upon his lonely explorations.

When Warren brought the wounded Indian to Carrol's rude hut, the old backwoodsman accepted the responsibility, and

**3000C** 

The state of the task of healing his wounds the task of healing his wounds to the red man. If you have a friend to the red man. If you have to his common to the red man. If you have to he could be the red man to the red have to he could be the red to the would be the red have the first hour. Of the would be right that him, and so make no the right there was a work of the red have the hey to me. I would druly any. Leave the bey to me. I would druly any. Leave the hey to me. I would druly any. Leave the hey to me. I would druly any leave the hey to me. I would druly any leave the hey to me. I would druly any leave the hey to make 'emerive unhealthy by alcopin' in beds, and keeping warm by sittin' aside of stoves, as if dried leaves and dried sticks warn's enough for 'em."

Carrol's akill as a physician was little short of marvellous.

He commonwhat and recovered well-iner

Carrol's skill as a physician was little short of marvellous. He compounded and prepared medicines according to unwritten prescriptions, and used the oddest materials; not alone herbs and roots, but earths and clays were laid under contribution.

A few days of this forest doctoring worked wonders in Nelatu, and before a week was over he was able to sit at the back door of the hunter's dwelling, backing himself in the sun.

was over he was able to sit at the back door of the hunter's dwelling, backing himself in the sun.

Carrol, who had been in a fever of anxiety greater even than his patient, was in high glee at this.

After giving the Indian youth a preparation to allay his thirst, he was on the point of packing up his traps to start upon one of his expeditions, when he saw an individual approaching his cabin from the front.

Thinking it was Warran Rody, he called out to him that Melatu was all right.

He was somewhat surprised to perceive that instead of Warren, it was his father.

"Good morning, neighbor," said Elias.

"Mornin', governor."

"How is your Indian patient?" asked he whom Carrol called governer. "I hope he has entirely recovered."

"Oh, he's ready, now, for the matter of that, to stan' another tussle, and take another thrust. It wasn't much of a wound arter all."

"Oh, in'leed," said Elias; "I heard from my son Warren that it was a had one."

"Perhaps your son ain't used to sich sights; there's a good deal in that. Would you like to see the Injun? He's outside, at the back."

"No, thank you, Carrol; I didn't come to see him, but you. Are you busy?"

the back."

"No, thank you, Carrol; I didn't come to see him, but you. As you busy?"

"Well, not so busy but I kin talk a spell to you, governor, if you wishes it. I war only packin' up a few things ready for a start to-morrow."

Saying this, Carrol handed the governor a stool—the furniture of his hut not boasting of a chair.

stool—she furniture of his hut not boasting of a chair.

"And so you're off to-morrow, are you?"

"Yes, I can't stand this here idle life any
longer than I'm obleged; 'taint my sort.

Give me the woods and the savanners.

At the very thought of returning to them
the backwoodsman smacked his lips.

"When did you see Cluski last?" abruptly

asked Elias.
"It war a fortnight ago, governor, near as my memory serves me, just arter I'd shot the fattest buck killed this season. Oluski's people war all in a state o' excitement at the time."

time."

"Indeed; about what?"

"Wal, Oluski's brother, who war chief o' apother tribe, died not long 'fore, and his son, Wacora, had succeeded to the chiefship. Oluski was mighty perlite to his nephy, who war on a visit to Oluski's Town when I war thar. I expect they'll all be hyar soon. It's about thar time o' coming' to Tampa."

"Did you see this Wacora, as you call him?"

"Did you see this wacora, as you him?"
"I did so, governor," answered Carrol,
"and a likely Injun be ia."
Elias sat for some moments silent, during
which time Cris busied himself over his gun.

After a time, he put the question:—

'I a that all you ha' to say, governor?'

The governor, as Carrol styled him, started at this abrupt interrogatory.

'No, Carrol, that is not all. What I have to say is this. You are a friend to the redaking?'

'Yes, sires, so long on the say is the

"Yes, siree, so long as they behaves "Yes, siree, so long as they behaves themselves, I am," promptly replied Cris.
"I also am their friend," said Rody, "and want to deal fairly by them. They have, however, a foolish sort of pride that makes it difficult, especially in some matters. You know what I mean, do you not?"
"Yes, I see," rejoined the hunter, in a careless draw!.
"Well, in a bit of business I have with Oluski, I thought a friend might manage with him better than I could myself."

The governor paused to give Carrol an op-portunity of replying. laman, however, did not The backw avail himself of it.

"So, you see, Carrol," continued Elias, "I thought that you might act the part of that friend in the negotiation I allude to."
"No, I don't quite see \*Aat," said Cris, looking up with an odd smile upon his face, and a twinkle in his eye. "But come, governor, tell me what you want done, and

vernor, tell me what you want done, and I'll tell you whether I kin do it." "Well, then, Carrol, I will." The governor drew his atom personal Cris as if about to impart some confidential (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# The Yesemite Valley.

This valley, according to the survey made by the California Commissioners, contains 1,141 acres, of which only 745 are meadors land. The Commissioners say that the I, it acres, of which only 746 are meadow land. The Commissioners say that the lands selected by the "squatters" are the very bost in the valley, and if they obtain uncontrolled authority over them, all hope is forever gone of any satisfactory carrying out of the plan of making a great National Park. The Commissioners are also unanimously agreed as to the impropriety of cutting down the superb natural forests of the valley, and replacing them by apple orchards, or of converting the Yosemite into a cattle ranche—both these plans being advocated by the squatters. They regard the exquisite wild flowers of the valley as too precious to be sacrificed, even to the very desirable idea of raising beef half a cent a pound cheaper than it could be obtained from outside.

An Irish Dominician preacher, wishing to place the seconds of Judas in the clearest light before his andience, suggested to them that, from long familiarity with the Gospel narrative, they had come to overlook the force of the words there used to describe the future apostate's habitual roguery. "Not only," he reminded them, "did Judas steal the money, but Holy Writ emphatically adds that he even kept the bag."

# SATURDAY EVENING POST

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#### BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shedow of The Poplars," "Sydnic Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

### THE WHITE SQUAW; A TALE OF FLORIDA.

In the present number we commence this new story by CAPT. MAYES REED. It will be illustrated in the style of "The Planter Pirate," which was concluded in the

last paper.
Will our friends through the country please call the attention of their acquaintances to this story? We will send THE POST on trial for aix months, for one dollar.

#### THE WEATHER.

The heat has been something fearful the past week, but we need say very little on the subject, as it seems to have preity generally pervaded the country—sparing neither the mountains nor the sea-shore—and all our readers have been able to realize its quality for themselves.

But as the hottest days of former seasons have been appraised to the middle of July.

But as the hottest days of former seasons have been previous to the middle of July, we may hope that we have had our share for this year of excessively hot days—and, more particularly, hot nights.

Our advice to all our readers is, keep cool—if you can; and do not overwork yourselves, if you can help it. If anybody makes faces at you, do not make faces back, but roserve all your retaliation until the Autumn. And be moderate in all things—especially in eating and drinking. If you have a chance, take a little trip somewhere—if only for a day or two. It will freshen you up, and you will be very glad te get home again—for, as a general thing, the hotel food of this country, is sour, stale, greasy, uncooked, and, speaking moderately, abominable.

Of course there are exceptions, perhaps

nable.

Of course there are exceptions, perhaps one or two in every state, to this broad statement. But one thing is without exception—that we never drank a cup of really good coffee in any hotel, at any place, in all

ur life.

But we never travel without coming home doubly convinced that there is a greater field for reform in improving the cookery of the American people—and thus promoting the physical, mental and spiritual progress of the race—than in any other department

of life whatever.

If some of those ladies who think they have a mission to reform politics, would turn their attention to reforming sour bread, half-cooked vegetables, greasy meats, &c., they would do some good in their lives, even if their names did not get so often into the newspapers.

ject in such warm weather, so we forbear.

DARK COMPLEXIONS IN FASRION. English journal says there is quite a rage among the fair young English girls for young men of dark complexions. But a young man of dark complexion, who had responded to an advertisement in a London paper, gives utterance to his disappointed hopes to

"Sir—I answered a correspondent of your journal a short time ago...'s fair lady of some means, who wished to meet with a young man of dark complexion," &c. I am sorry to say that I have been prestive deceived. I am both young and dark. I was born in Virginia, U. S., in 1868, and am of African descent, of good education, and hold a degree in arts. Matters were arranged satisfactorily, until she learned that I was a liberated slave, when 'she' pre-tended to object to me. It certainly is the fact that I was born a slave : but I have been freed now nearly even years. I should like to correspond with a lady good education, and with means. I hope to be of good education, and with means. I hope to be able to obtain a reputation by my efforts in time, if I could obtain the means of maintaining myself in a respectable position for a while. I am, plainly, an actoroon, slight, five feet eleven inches high, not black, but have the short, crisp bair of my female

It seems from the above that the rage for dark complexions, sometimes gets the young English girls into rather embarrasing situa-tions—they want the dark Caucasian article, not the light African. There is a difference.

A visit to London cannot but coni wince that there is the commercial and financial centre of the world, and that within a radius of a half mile around the Bank of England, are to be found the mon who rule the mercantile affairs of the earth. There is no effort at pretension in any of the buildings where these great trade affairs are carried on. The Rothschilds have a banking house far more modest than half the broker's offices on Third street, Philadelphia, and to launch out into a pretentious building is regarded in London as a proof of impending bankruptey.—Public Ledger.

The great Washington and others of aminence, suffered through life with a fear of heing buried alive; most distracting members have been given the action of the head and the search of the head and the search of the head and the search of the search of the head and the search of the search of the head and the search of the search of the head and the search of the head the head and the search of the head the head and the search of the head the head and the search of the head the head t

Belting a Brig.

A very good story is told of old embargo times and the war of 1812. Under the impulse of the removal of embargo, there was a sudden rise in the value of property, and such a demand for it that merchandise was sometimes carried off from vessels before the owners arrived at their place of business; and the parties taking it came in afterward to say that they were at the owner's mercy, and must pay what they chose to ask.

A brig was lying at Boston harbor which had come up from Plymouth just before the embargo was laid, fit for sea. The Plymouth owner thought it was a good time to sell the brig, and sent his son up for the purpose, telling him to demand eight thousand dollars for her, and not to take less than six thousand dollars. John went to Boston, found how things stood, sold the brig in a moment, as it were, and hurried home, elated with his bargain. As he neared the house, he saw the old man marching up and down the piazza, and presently he hastened out to meet his son, and hear the result of the sale.

"Have you sold the brig, John?"

out to meet his son, and hear the result of
the sale.

"Have you sold the brig, John?"

"Yes, father."

"For how much?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried the old
man, with staring eyes, at hearing a price
more than double what the vessel cost—"I'll
bet you have sold her to core syndler who bet you have sold her to some swindler, who

on't care what the price is, and never means to pay his notes."

"Notes, did you say, father? Why, there are no notes in the case. I got the money and put it in the bank. Draw, and you will

get it."

The old gentleman's excitement was suddenly cooled, and as the ruling passion rose in its place, he said—

"I say, John, couldn't you have got a little more?"

The Journal des Debats, of Paris. among other anecdotes, relates that the late Lord Stamford left his son an immense for-tune on condition that he should spend £10,000 every year in purchasing silver \$10,000 every year in purchasing silver plate. After having tripled his dinner and toilet sets, the young lord had a splendid silver staircase constructed, and when at a loss how to proceed, obtained a judicial release from further compliance by a payment down of £20,000

That religion is carried out in a business-like manner in England is proverbial. Lately a business book has been published, entitled, "The Lord's Cash Book for 1868," whereby religious book-keeping is greatly facilitated. Towards the end of the book, besides much good advice, maxims, &c., is a regular ruled account, where the good Christian credits himself with all good acts, such as "Subscription towards decently the state of the such as the subscription towards accently the subscription to the subscription towards accently the subscription towards accently the subscription towards accently the subscription towards accently the subscription to the subscription to the subscription towards accently the subscription towards a such as "Subscription towards decently clothing the newly converted female Hottentots," &c., and debits Providence with the equivalent, so that he can at any time check the account and surmise what his

probable chance may be for the future.

\*\*ET\* A Welsh girl once applied to a clergyman to be married. The clergy-man asked
her what property her husband possessed.
The answer was, "Nothing." "And are her what property her husband possessed.
The answer was, "Nothing," "And are
you no better off?" he asked. The reply
was in the negative. "Then why in the
name of common sense do you dare to
marry?" "Your reverence," said the girl,
"I have a blanket, and Jack has a blanket;
by putting them together, we shall both be
gainers." The clergyman had nothing to

gainers." The clergyman mad nothing so any.

Advice to young ladies: If you have taper fingers, mind you don't set anybody after with them.

Adam is claimed as having belonged to the fraternity of provision dealers, as he early engaged in disposing of spare ribs.

The City Council of Bangor has passed an order for the Mayor to take measures to prevent the train from passing through Front street at a speed faster than a walk, which is not very definite as applied to a railroad train.

The A public clock at Shelburne Falls is so unmusical in its striking, that a dying woman, as she heard its sounds for the last time, remarked: "Oh, sister, bow I do pity you who must stay here and listen to that awful clock."

awful clock."

To Mr. Boucicault, the dramatist, described the London Punch as properly characterized by the four writers who originated it; thus Gilbert A'Beckett represented the spirit; Henry Mayhew the sugar; Douglas Jerrold the acid, and Mark Lemon the spoon!

There is a class of people who think that to be grim is to be good; that piety is a sort of facial longitude; and that a thought, to be really wholesome, must be shaped like a coffin.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Almost in the saids where it comes to the saids where it comes to the said where it comes to the said as it was to the said of the wind as it was to the large of the wind as it was to the large of the wind as it was to the large of the wind as it was to the large of the wind as to the large of the wind as the wind as the wind as the large of the wind as t

Hotter each day grows the warm June sub, A shade more purple the sky's deep blue, And the bright June roses have just begun To sprinkle their leaves with an ashen hue;

There it is calling, again and again, Sweef and clear from the amber grain—

"Bob White!"

"What does the little bird say, my son?"
The father asks of his fair haired boy,
Where over the porch the wild vines run,
And the humming bee murmurs his song of joy. Sounding aloud as the voice draws nigh,
And the innocent lips of the child reply—
"Bob White!"

One shrill note and a whirr of wings, Away in a moment, flying low, As over the loose wall lightly springs The farmer lad with his rake and h

Whistles the boy, while his big black eyes
Follow the flock wherever it flies—

"Bob White!" A soft, sleek coat of a darkish brown, And a speckled waistcoat of lighter shade Passing to white where it reaches down, With breeches of chestnut trimly made; "Bob White!"

This is he whom we hear repeat,
All day long in the ripening wheat—
"Bob White!"

Two half circles around the throat, One pale streak on his lordship's crown, And all over the back of his Quaker coat Paler streaks of a yellowish brown; "Bob White!"

This is he who fattens and thrives,
Down in the wheat where he calls to his
wives—

A fa:nous Mormon is he, I'm told, Full of love for the softer sex; With a heart like an eagle's quick and bold, And a spirit flery and easy to vex; "Bob White!" Is it his own or another's name That he keeps repeating always the same— "Bob White!"

A few dried leaves and some bits of hay
Under a tuft of sheltering grass;
Hid in a hollow out of the way,
Where only by chance a foot may pass—
"Bob White!"
Thus he calls now the nest is made—
Thus he will call till the eggs are laid!
"Bob White!"

Yellowish white the brittle shell, Speckled with brown like his own little

A smart young fellow, his son and heir, Ready at once from the nest to roam; Little of trouble and little of care Brings the boy to the mother at home;

Almost silenced the once clear tone, Now that the season of love is flown, "Bob White!"

There in the grass where the dew hangs damp, Ever watchful of any harm,

Ever watchful of any serious Back to back in a circular camp, Ready to rise at the least alarm; "Bob White!" Sits from the time the twilight falls,
All through the night, while no shrill throat
calls

By-and-by when the summer is dead,
And the glowing hand of autumn weaves
Gorgeous patterns of purple and red us patterns of purple and red. With gold and brown in the orchard's " Bob White!" Down in the stubble piping low, No longer shall call as the bright days go-"Bob White!"

-Turf, Field and Farm. The scheme of building a tunnel between France and England is talked of again. It has been ascertained by borings that the soil in the channel is white and gray chalk, with green sand below. The chalk can be worked easily, and the cost of the proposed tunnel is estimated at \$50,000,000, gold.

\*\* A man has just died in Paris, leaving a fortune of forty thousand dollars in postage stamps.

13 In the United States, during the past year, twenty tons of postage stamps have been used.

been used.

A Charleston (S. C.) paper contains the following explanation: "We beg to explain to a city subscriber who complains that his paper is frequently too damp for use, that it is because there is so much due on it."

Lake, Vt., was strangled to death a few days ago by a huge water make. After a fearful struggle, the reptile managed to get around his neck, and before Hewlett could reach his jack-knife, life was extinct. The

reach his neck, and before Hewlett could reach his jack-knife, life was extinct. The deceased was an industrious man, and leaves a wife and nine oblidren.

The An individual has just recovered damages in the English courts for having been supplied with a defective machine for making champagne. It appeared during the trial that by the aid of the machine in question an effervencent compound of port, sherry, Madeira, Hungarian wine, and sugar can be made "equal to champagne of the highest brand;" with this slight difference, that it has a cloudy or milky appearance, and that it blisters the lips and throats of the unfortunate individuals who swallow it. A machine of this kind, capable of producing 100 dozen of Sillery champagne a day, costs £135, and the champagne can be turned out at the price of ginger beer.

200 BB

### Goodman Misery.

#### AN ALLEGORY BY DICKERS.

Peter and Paul met in a village on a certain day, when the rain was falling in torrents. They were wet to the akin. They were both in queet of a lodging for the night, but could find none. A rich manone Richard—had turned them from his gates, bidding them remember that his house was not a public wine-shop, when a poor woman, who was washing linen in a brook, took pity on them and led them to her neighber, the Goodman Misery. How much more considerate was the poor washerwoman than Richard with his closed gates; for, having bethought herself on the way that old Misery would probably have naught wherewith to break the fast and alake the thirst of his guests, she provided herself with some cooked fish, a big loaf, and a pitcher of Sasa wine. Peter and Paul ate with a will. The hungry man tastes the sweetest viands. But and was the case when the meal was at an end. Goodman Misery was so poor that he had no bed to offer them, save the straw upon which he usually rusted his own aching limbs. The two travellers were, however, too considerate to accept it. They elected to sit up, and, by way of passing the time, suggested that Misery should tell his story to them. The Goodman consented, for it was a short and not a very eventful one. The most he had to tell was that a thief had stripped his pear-tree, the fruit of which was nearly all he had to depend upon for his wretched living. He would have gladly shared the fruit with them had he not suffered this cruel robbery.

Touched by his distress, Peter and Paul told Goodman Misery that they would pray to Heaven for him. And one of them considerately added, if he, Goodman Misery, had any particular desire, would he mention it?

The Goodman desired no more from the Lord than that any man who might climb his near-tree abould he fayed in it, and im-

had any particular desire, would be mention it?

The Goodman desired no more from the Lord than that any man who might climb his pear-tree should be fixed in it, and immovable, until he, Goodman Misery, willed that he should descend from it.

On the vary day which saw the retreating figures of Peter and Paul, while Misery was gone to fetch a pitcher of water, the same thief who had stolen his finest pears returned to the tree. Goodman Misery, having set down his pitcher, perceived the rescal immovable amid the hranches.

"Rascal, I have got you, have I?" Misery shouted; and then, aside, and in a low voice to himself: "Heaven! Who, then, were my guests last night? This time you will need to be in no hurry to pick my pears; but let me tell you that you will pay a heavy price for them in the torments you will have to endure at my hands. To begin with, all the town shall see you in your present plight. Then I will light a roaring fire under my tree, and smoke and dry you like a Mayence ham."

Goodman Misery having departed in quest of strewed to avoke and dry the thief like

my tree, and smoke and dry you like a Mayence ham."

Goodman Misery having departed in quest of firewood to smoke and dry the thief like a Mayence ham, the culprit cried lustily until he attracted two of the Goodman's neighbors. Yielding to the prayers of the thief, these two honest folk elimbed the tree to rescue their fellow-creature, whereupon they discovered that they, too, were fixed to the branches. The three had been loft in company just seventeen hours and a half when Goodman Misery returned with a bag of bread and a goodly fagot upon his head. He was terrified to find three men settled in his pear-tree.

nis nead. He was terrined to find three men settled in his pear-tree.

"Come, come," he cried, "the fair will be a good one with so many customers. And pray what did you two new comers want here? Couldn't you ask me for a few pears, and not come in my absence to steal them?"

"We are no thieves," they recalled. "We

them?"
"We are no thieves," they replied. "We are charitable neighbors, who came to help a man whose lamentations smote us to the heart. When we want pears we buy them in the market; there are plenty besides

yours."
"If what you say be true," said Misery,
"you want nothing in my tree, and come
down as soon as you please; the punishment is for thieves only."

rous heart, and that self had never dic-tated any of the actions of his life, he would make him a present of the fruit he had stolen. He would be released from bond-age in the tree on the condition that he would take an oath never to climb it again, and that he would never come within one hundred feet of it while the pears were

"May a hundred devils seize me," said the thief, "if I ever come within a league of it again while I live!"
"That is enough," said the Goodman.
"Come down, neighbor; you are free; but never return, if you please."

The thief was so atiff and swollen in his limbs, that poor old Misery had to help him down with a ladder; for nothing would persuade the neighbors to approach the tree a second time. The adventure made a great noise in the neighborhood, and thenceforth Misery's pears were respected seruputation. a second time. The adventure made a profoundly important discovery has been great noise in the neighborhood, and thenceforth Misery's pears were respected scrupuwest of Omaha. In digging a well for the

Descoir .

Misery wid. "What pleasure have I in this life? If anything in this world could give me a regret, it would be that of parting from my pear-tree, which has fed me through so many years. But you must be settled with, and you brook no delays nor subterfuges when yon becken. All I will ask and beg you to grant me before I die, is that I may eat one more of my pears in your presence. Afterwards, I shall be ready."

"Thy wish is too modest a wish to be refused," and Death.

Misery crept forth into his yard, Death fellowed clessly on his heels. The Goodman shuffled many times round his belowed tree, seeking the finest pear. At length, having selected a magnificent one, "There," he said, "I choose that one; pray you 'lend me your soythe to cut it down."

"This instrument is never lent," quoth Death. "No good soldier permits himself to be disarmed. But it seems to me it would be better to pluck your pear with the hand. It would be bruised by a fall. Climb into the tree."

"A good idea," said Misery. "If I had the strength I would climb, but don't you see I can hardly stand?"

"Well," Death answered, "I will afford you this service. I will climb the tree my-self."

Death climbed the pear-tree and plucked

"A good idea," said Misery. "If I had the strength I would climb, but don't you seel can hardly stand?"
"Well," Death answered, "I will afford you this service, I will climb the tree my seel."
Death climbed the pear-tree and plucked the fruit which Misery coveted so ardentiy; but was astonished when he found it impossible to regain the ground.
"Goodman Misery," said Death, "tell me what kind of a tree is this?"
"Cannot you see that it is a pear-tree?"
"Yes, 7\*s; but how is it that I can more neither hand nor foot upon it?"
"I faith, that's your business," Goodman Misery, sow meeting the street of the more death of the pear tree in the pear tree

"Nay," said Misery, "I fear nothing.
Every man who is above the fear of Death is beyond any threats. Your menaces have no effect on me. I am always ready to start for the next world when the Lord shall summon

down as soon as you please; the punishment is for thieves only."

Whereupon the two neighbors found themselves free, and quickly regained the ground; but the thief continued fixed to the branches in a pitiable condition after his long imprisonment; and the neighbors stood astonished at the power of the Goodman. They begged hard that Misery would take pity even on the thief, whe had endured torture for many hours. The rascal prayed hard also, crying:

"I'll pay any sum; but in the name of God lct me come down. I am enduring tortures!"

At this word, Misery permitted himself to be mollified. He told the thief, in releasing him, that he would forget his crime and forgive it. To show that he had a generous heart, and that self had never dictated any of the actions of his life, he would make him a present of the fruit he had make him a present of the fruit he had.

Upon hawkers' shoulders for centuries Upon hawkers' shoulders for centuries past, has this legend of the words of Scripture, that poverty shall never cease from out the land, been borne through the villages of France. A learned Frenchman surmises that the Goodman was a French child stolen away into Italy, there redressed, and thence escaped home into France. Goodman Misery, in any case, has had his chief travels in France. Millions of copies, describing his interviews with Peter and Paul, the thief, and Death, have been sold by hawkers among the road-side cabins of France.

La A very interesting, and, in one aspect great noise in the neighborhood, and thenceforth Missry's pears were respected scrupulously.

But Goodman Misery was old, and his
strength was waning daily. He was content with the fruit of his pear-tree, but it
was meagre fare that contented him. One
day a knock was made at his door. He
threw the door open and beheld a visitor
whom he had long expected, but whom he
did not imagine to be quite so near his poor
hearth. It was Deaft, who, on his rounds,
had stepped aside to tell him that his hour
was near.

"Be welcome," said the Goodman, without flinching a muscle, and looking steadfastly at him as one who did not fear him.
Misery had naught on his conscience, though
he had lived with very little on his back.
Death was surprised to find himself so well
received.

"What!" cried Death, "thou hast no
fear of me! No fear of Death! at whose
look the strongest tremble, from the abepherd to the king?"

"No, I have no dread of your presence,"

ately made at Antelope, a station 450 miles avel of Omaha. In digging a well for the
railroad company, there was reached at the
depth of sizty-cight feet, a layer of human
that there was reached at the
depth of sizty-cight feet, a layer of human
from the fact
that there was reached at the
depth of sizty-cight feet, a layer of human
that there was skull and jaw, as well as
other bones from the extremities and the
trunk. The excavators assert that in the
process of digging they have found layers of
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#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### The Wenther, The weather was intensely hot last week we give the telegraphic record of a single

The weather was internetly not not be day:

—we give the telegraphic record of a single day:

MONTHEAL, July 16.—The heat to-day is intense. The thermometer indicates 106. Ten fatal cases of sun-stroke yesterday, and four thus far to-day.

At Ottawa, Col. Brunel and Mr. Chesley, of the Indian Department, are named among the victims of the heat.

BALTIMOIR, July 16.—Fifteen sun-strokes yesterday, three being fatal. Charles Hack, from Washington, D. C., was found dead in bed this morning, at Wilson's Hotel. The Coroner's verdict was conjection of the brain, caused by excessive heat. The heat is not so intense to-day.

The Bun reports that fifty head of cattle died yesterday from the excessive heat, at one of the cattle yards in this city.

Bostron, July 16.—There were a few cases of sun-stroke here yesterday, two of them fatal. To-day there is a pleasant, fresh breese blowing from the north-east.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 16—9 A. M.—Thermometer 88. Wind north. Weather. clear.

CAPE MAY, July 16—9 A. M.—Thermome-

and nature? If I were to make my way out of this predicament, you might feel it sharply."

"Nay," said Misery, "I fear nothing. Every man who is above the fear of Death is beyond any threats. Your mensoes have no effect on me. I am always ready to start for the next world when the Lord shall summon me."

"Very fine sentiments, Goodman Misery! Thou mayest boast, Goodman, of being the first in this life who has gotten the better of Death. Heaven commands me that with thy consent I leave thee, to return to thee only on the last day of judgment, when I shall have completed my great work, and man shall be no more. You shall see the end, I promise you; so now, without hesitation, allow me to come down or let me fly away. A queen is waiting for me, five hundred leagues away."

"Ought I to believe you? Or is it only to be tray me that you speak thus to me?"

"No, never shall fall upon thee. The edicts of Death are irrevocable. Dost thou hear me, Goodman?"

"Yes, I hear; and I believe in the words. Come down when it shall please thee."

"At this Death swept through the air, and disappeared from the sight of Misery. The Goodman has never heard of Death since, although he has often been told of his presence in his neighborhood, almost next door, so that Misery has lived to a wonderful age, and still dwells in rargs near his pear-tree.

And, according to make my way of which three were fatal.

PHILLADELPHIA IN DARKNESS.—Owing to strike of the men at the gasworks, Philadelphia was left without gas of the verning of the 17th. The citisens took it very good naturedly, and some think it would be a decided saving to go back to candles. The feel.

IMPOHTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—The Hon. A. M. Stout, Acting Commissioner of Patents, has had pending before him an application for the extension of letters patent, the end, I promise of the late James A. Cutting, July 11th, 1854, for the use of bromide in combination with collodion for photographic pursuedly the air, and a strike of the use of bromide in combination with collodion for pho porations, United States bonds, real estate mortgages, deeds, notes for money loaned, &c., &c. Six different wills were found, in addition to one under which claim had already been made and a legal battle over the estate is to begin early in July.

-During the first three days of the week, two hundred and fifty deaths from excessive

two hundred and fifty deaths from excessive heat occurred in the city of New York.

—The Governor of Ohio has reprieved Mrs. Victor, under sentence of death for poisoning her brother, and ordered her to be placed in a lunatic saylum.

—John J. Blair has formally accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of New Jarray.

The Cincinnati Gazette says the wheat

— The Chaoman casette says the wheat harvest is progressing rapidly in the West. In many places it is over. A good crop of wheat has been secured—good in quality and good in quantity. The weather is very favorable for corn, and the prospects for all

favorable for corn, and the prospects for all erops are excellent.

—It is stated that planting tomatoes around apple trees will hinder their being troubled by the borer. The remedy is cheap and may be made profitable too.

—As a remedy for mosquito bites, keep a phial of glycerine at hand and apply freely to the bites. It will relieve the irritation and swelling at once. One application is generally sufficient.

—A voung lady in Cary, N. Y., was struck

Not long ago, a very fine specimen of the Asiatic elephant was safely landed at Bouthampton, and purchased by Mr. A. Fairgrieve, the acting proprietor of the Queen's memorial proprietor of the Queen's memorial proprietor of the Queen's memorial queen and four years of age. It was shipped at Bombay, and was under the charge of a Sumatrian named Ramee Jhandeegger (familiarly known on board by the term "Ramy",) to whom the elephant was particularly attached, and who had brought the huge brute under perfect subjection. During the first few days, after the ship had cleared the land, everything went on in a perfectly satisfactory manner; but, unfortunately, very heavy weather coming on, a spirit of insuberdination was displayed by several of the crew. The would be mutineers assembled together one evening near the wheel-house on the main deck, close to where the elephant was chained, and held council as to their future proceedings. The keeper Ramy, lying at the side of the animal, feigned aleep, although he paid attention to what the disaffected spirits were saying. He heard the whole details of a most diabolical plot to murder the captain and a greater portion of the crew and passengers, and he ascertained that he (Ramy) was one of the selected ones who were thus appointed to be ruthlessly massacred. Noiselessly unfastening the chain which bound the elephant's fore legs, Ramy set the animal at liberty, and springing to his feet in an instant, he bounded into the midst of the matineers, followed by the elephant. Giving a signal to the intelligent brute, it laid about it right and left with its trunk, and the astonished saliors were quickly prostrated on the deck, wounded and bleeding, and shouting loudly for mercy. The captain hearing the disturbance was soon on the spot, and, having been made acquainted with the facts of the case, caused the mutineers te placed in irons, to be dealt with at the first port at which they touched. The wounds caused by the animal's trunk were somewhat fearful.

The Lynchburg, Va., News says th musquitoes cannot stand the fumes of in-toxicating fluids, and that a small piece of cotton cloth saturated with whiskey and hung ever the bed, will keep them away. If that's so, some people are safe from mus-cuito bites sure

quito bites, sure.

La A correspondent of the American Journal of Horticulture says that the roots of Eastern trees run on the surface, while the same trees West run downwards. He says that roots prefer to be near the surface, but must have moisture, and as the West is famous for its summer droughts, the roots are forced to go deep to get their drink.

TA PAPER CHEESE BOX.—The Utica Herald says that a new cheese box has been brought out in Jefferson county, made of paper instead of wood—the former being regarded as cheaper than the latter. It is claimed that the paper boxes are more sub-stantial than the wooden, and, as they are lighter, there will be a saving in freight.

stantial than the wooden, and, as they are lighter, there will be a saving in freight.

\*\*TA Mississippi correspondent of the Dixie Farmer expresses the wish that the word "planter" be stricken out of the Southern vooabulary, and the word "farmer" take its place.

\*\*TA rich Japanesse, whose income is put at the handsome figure of \$60,000,000, is said to be coming to Paris for a wife. The Boston Post says: "What a blessing if we could only get him here—and tax him?"

\*\*TA Hartford merchant has paid \$60,000 in rents for a store which he could have bought originally for \$15,000. His case was probably that of the trapper, who was offered the land \$t. Paul now stands on for a pair of boots, and didn't take it for lack of the boots.

\*\*The Boston Traveller says that some officials of that city who recently visited the White Mountains were rather astomished at the question of a stage driver. He had answered what he considered many very foolish interrogatories, and at last broke out with: "Do we act so green when visiting Boston as you chaps do that come up here?"

\*\*TA young lady is in wast of a husband. She is intelligent, amiable and accomplished, but not pretty. She advertises for a blind man. She is intelligent, amiable and accomplished, but not pretty. She advertises for a blind

menophism before the Pelice Court of Chiongroen a complaint of Mr. T. Cayras, of that othy, on a chappe of disorderly conduct. Miss White, who was cangaged to Cayras, it is aligned, hap her beterothed on his good behavior by threats of a suit for breach of principal countries. If he was absent from her for two days there came a note; "Darling—If I do not not you in two hours I shall commonstible still. Thy adoring Marian," If she was been a few process a willingmost to scoot her, there came a note; "Darling—If I do not not you in two hours," If he was absent the first of the was absent to second her had been the suit. Thy adoring Marian," If she was been a concert her, there came a state of the water and examined it under the microscope. He discovered in its numerous minute animals, all in a lively state. He could be state and examined it under the microscope. He discovered in its numerous minute animals, all in a lively state. He could be state and examined it under the microscope. He discovered in its numerous minute animals, all in a lively state. He could be state and examined it under the microscope. He discovered in its numerous minute animals, all in a lively state. He could be state and examined it under the microscope. He discovered in its numerous minute animals, all in a lively state. He could be state and examined the water and examined it under the microscope. He discovered in its numerous minute animals, all in a lively state. He could be state and examined the water to those that a could inch of the water and examined the state of the water and examined the water a been known of its having failed to give immediate relief.

Me Me Me Manway's Brany Rusens.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Inmediate relief and coursequent cure for the silmens and discours prescribed, to what the Rusens quarantees, to berform. Its moits is plain and systematic: It will suvely cave! There is no other remody, no other Lumenrs, no head of Paragraham, that will check poin to suddenly and so initiated the supply sected in the workshop and to the fail, in the counting-room and at the fugs, means dividence of the careful climas and soldiers, in the perfor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climas of the careful and one general verdiet has some home: "The moment Medway's Ready Melley is appelled selection, man, from wholever cause, cancer in aciet!" Use so other kind for farname, or Dunes, or Bealam, or Chyn, Charry, Burumas, or Synaria. It is excellent to Chilaria, Rusens, or Synaria, also Synaria or Poleower, Ready, and Synaria or Poleower, Reparament or year freelation, mark-nown, Medway, and Synaria, To Delective, Rusenska, or Synaria, also Synaria, Bowma, Kidhery, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a spoody cure will be effected. Beld by Drugginia. Price to conte pur bottle.

Moth Patches, Frechies and Tam.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those anows DISCOLORATIONS OR the face is "Perry's Meth and Prochis Lotion." Prepared only by Da. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. gar Sold everywhere.

### "It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Readache!
Ronne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Teathache!
Ronne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Regardigia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Regardigia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Obsiens Restrictions of Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Rist Discounced Renne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Result Discounced Renne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Rist Discounced Renne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Renne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Renne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Rist Discounced Renne's Pain-Killing Magie Oli cures Renne's Pain-Killing Magie

The Bowen Microscope,
Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 80 Curra, Taxan
for \$1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
1-27-12 Box 890, Boston, Mass.

ONE OFFICE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Belleviti" Lion Cof-fee," This Coffice is roasted, ground and scaled "hermatically," under letters patent from the Uni-ted States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffice presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee," One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia.

HOLLOWAY'S OTHERST.-The free use of this won-

INPLARMATION is at once subdued by RUSSIA SALVE, and a burn, bruise, cut, or old sore, to which it is applied, is readily headed by its cooling and cleansing qualities. Hedding & Co., Proprietors, Bocton, Mass. Soid everywhere. By mail. Scouts.

Turnz is no excuse for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few deese of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA would cleaned their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. Ye maddy victims of billions disease, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for yourselves.

# MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by Hon. Morton McMichael, Mayor of Philada, Alexander Wreden to Mary A. Perring, both of Wifmington, Del. On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Cole, Charries to the first of the fir

# BEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompa-aled by a responsible name.

On the 17th of July, at her residence in this city, HARRAM JANE JACKAWAY, daughter of Wm. P. and Margaret Berrett, in the 54th year of her age. In denke township, Forest county, Fa., Mrs. Rosanna Scort, in her 78th year, (relied of John L. Scott,) a native of Baltimore county, Md., and formerly of Philads.

On the 14th instant, BRENHARD POLL, in his 57th year.

On the 14th instant, John, son of Win. and JohanOn the 14th instant, John, son of Win. and JohanIn Nagle, aged 14 years.
On the 12th instant, Manuarr, wife of Jaz. Patton, aged 39 years.
On the 12th instant, Mrs. Catharing Murray,
aged 39 years.
On the 12th instant, Mrs. Residea Laverty, in
her 57th year.
On the 12th instant, Thomas F. Mener, in his 38th
year.

year. On the 19th instant, Rossny S. Wilson, in his

#### SUMMER DATE.

BY PLORENCE PERCY.

Oh, commer days I dear summer days I how ewest yo are and fair!

When beauty smiles and fragrance breathen throughout the earth and air:

When all the birds have built their nests in leving couples twined.

And yellow butterflies in pairs come walts-ing down the wind.

The morning glories drape the wall with crimeen, white and blue,
Coquetting with the honey-been the long ewest mornings through;
The humaning-bird hangs poised above the lily's nectar-store,
And unfiedged birdlings twitter in the nest above the door.

The grandaire site baside the porch, where coolest shadows lie,
While all the bees and busterflies and moths go flitting by;
He never marks their flight, nor sees the swallows come and go,
But rests his chin when his conf

swallows come and go,
But rests his chin upon his staff, and thinks
of long ago. I sak him if these summer days bring not a

I sak him if these summer days bring not a rare delight.
They rise so fair and glide so slow into the golden night.
"Ah, me!" he says, "I dream upon the years that used to be,
The days, since I have grown so old, seem all alike to me."

I wonder if 'twill come to me—the time
when I shall may
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in
the day;
When birds shall sing above my head their
chorus glad and clear,
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture

I wonder if I, too, shall sit and dream an old

man's dreams,
And vaguely meditate and broad on half-forgotten themes,
While all the hues and symphonics of sea,
and sky, sud earth,
Pass vainly by my heedless sense, like triffer
nothing worth!

Ah no! whatever change may come, that change can never be— This lovely world can never lose its happy

charm for me;
Not all the sorrow time can bring, not all
life's mightiest woes,
Can take the olor from the fern, the color
from the rose.

And though my senses fail with years, and lose their keenest power, Yet, when the sparrow comes and sings at

earliest morning hour—
Ah! he who once has heard the song, can

never cease to hear;
I know the clear, contatic voice will pierce

And I shall see the roses bloom, and note

the pleasant hum

Of humble-bees, and wait at night to see the
fire-flies come;

And though my eyes may have, as yet, their
bitterest tears to shed,

I never can be wholly blind to evening's
gold and red.

The flowers will not cease to glow because

my obeck is wan;
The peach trees will not fail to blush because my bloom is gone;
And all the mists that mournful age may bring to cloud my view

Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's
delictions blue.

This beauteous world, which every year renews its youthful prime, Will be as fair when I am old as in my child-

hood's time;
And age can never be a scene of loneliness and gloom
To him who sees the swallows build—the morning-glories bloom.

#### POLLY'S ONE OFFER. IN SIX CHAPTERS.

Polly did not find her position, under these rough and not the ner position, under these circumstances, at all unpleasant—rather the reverse, indeed. There was a great deal going on at the Grange; never was Maggie so busy in the kitchen, or so little at leisure to devote herself to her friend; Laura and Fanny had, of course, occupations of their own, and were not going to be troubled with Maggie's darling; and so it fell out that she was often left to Bob, who had plenty of idle time on his hands, and was glad to employ it. ploy it.

The first morning after her arrival Polly was introduced to Stella in a large, level pasture-field, and Bob having put her in the saddle with infinite care, and many assurances that she need not be in the least field but the western that the same record least the same record. pasture-neut, and no having put her in the saddle with infinite care, and many assurances that she need not be in the least afraid, led the pretty creatures slowly round the field. They were a capital match, he said, and, if Polly liked, Stella should be hers. Then Polly had the bridle in her own hands, and Stella walked quietly and obligingly after Bob close to the hedge, and then across the field to the gate, where Mrs. Livingstone stood, without being led. Mrs. Livingstone stood, without being led. Mrs. Livingstone said Stella was admirably trained, and a docile, fine-tempered thing; and then she commended Polly as sitting nicely and straight up, and bade Bob mind and take care of her. This lesson was repeated every morning after breakfast, and Polly could soon ride well enough to be trusted on the road with Bob and Maggie, and so they took several excursions together, not very long, and Polly made acquaintance and drank lea informally at several neighboring houses, where she was evidently welcomed for some-body's aske besides her own.

Every time this significant sort of welcome

body's sake besides her own.

Every time this significant sort of welcome was given her, Polly's heart suffered that strange physical wrench, and so it did often when she was with Bob alone, and he said kind words, and gave her kind looks that implied his love for her. He was never rough with her now, but very quiet and wary, as if he had an inkling of that hidden pang, and was watching for his opportunity to speak without searing her, and so finally to cure it. His wooing was not at all unlike the process of breaking in Stella; Polly was quite as shy, as proud, as averse to hit and heilla as that pretty therragibbred; but, some subdued, Hob thought she would also

be as good and as chedicat to his hand. Yet all this while he was endeavoring to make her described the compliant and tractable, Polly was herdeology her mind against him, and perplexing Hangie mees and more every day. The hand he for of bouself what she should manyer if Bob were as mash as to make love to her openly (as if his daily life at present was not all love-making !); but she had many doubte whether she had done what she ought to have done in coming to Blackthern Grange. She had read very few powels, and was a child for wordly wisdom; but the knew it was not good for a governess to be called a fier, and Magrie had said to her that if she did not like Bob, he was no better than a fier and a consiste, to which Polly had replied that she did like Bob, and she would not have bed names fastened upon her. But both the girls knew that they were talking at erose purposes, and that liking meant very different things in their vocabularies; standing for downright true love in Maggie's, and in Polly's for a mere general sentiment free to all the world.

Thus matters went on for a week, Bob always confident and easy, Polly sweet with him and savage with herself, and Magrie at her wits' end over the vanity and vezation of other people's courtships. "If," cogitated she—"if Polly behaves badly to Bob, she'll have such a fall in my mother's enteem that I shall never be allowed to set eyes on her again—the plaquey puss! She would be awfully kind and sensible if she were left to her own discretion, for she has the dearest little warm heart in the world for them that love her; and she need not think she is blinding me; she is ever so fond of Bob, bleas her! only she is persuaded that she's cut out for a ringle life. What a silly selfish woman Mrs. Curtis must be to have flore the best properly in the same way, during one of her visits, and extended to her in the properly in the conditions of the sill she was a safe at home and her trials and temptations over. The family friend plainly assumed that she had a special intere

at which Bob laughed, perhaps rather too incredulously.

The day but one after this was the day fixed for Polly to go home. Mrs. Living-tone was very kind to her, and heped she would soon return for a longer stay; and this she repeated so frequently that Polly quite understood that she had no doubt of it. Bob left her little peace, but he did not put her out of her pain until the last morning when she had begun to think she was to get away without incurring the worst test. It was settled the night before that she should go to the station with Maggie and Laura in the pony-carriage, which had a front and back seat; and when she had said good-by to Mrs. Livingstone and Fanny indoors, and came out at the garden-door in the morning sunshine, there was Bob in a light summer suit. shine, there was Bob in a light summer suit. looking in the finest spirits, but excited withal.

Are you going, Bob? I have put on my driving gloves," said Laura, who had already taken the reins.

taken the reins.
"You may drive and welcome; I only want to go to the turn of Pickett's Lane; I'll sit behind with Polly," said be, and put her in, and followed himself. Then Maggie mounted by her sister, and off the pony went

mounted by her sister, and off the pony went at a frisky trot.

Polly's parting glimpse of the Grange was adorned by the figures of Mrs. Livingstone and Fanny in the porch—Fanny waving her hand and crying, "Come back soon, Polly; come back soon!" The road was long and perfectly level and straight, but it wavered in capricious signage before Polly's eyes, while roses and lilies contended for the dominion of her face. Bob was there, and watching her, and her heart was all one great swelling pang. She would have given anything for leave to cry, but this was neither the time nor place for tears, and she had forgotten her veil. Bob was apparently occupied with the landscape, but he did not lose one change of her sweet little face, and presently he began to speak of her return to the Grange.

"But shall me you before thes. Polly."

lose one change of her sweet little face, and presently he began to speak of her return to the Grange.

"But I shall see you before then, Polly," he went on; "I am coming to Norminster next week, and you will introduce me to Jane and your mother. I am only a rough fellow, but I love you, dearly, Polly, and you must speak for me. I'll promise to take all the care in the world of you if you'll be my precious little wife—don't you believe me, Polly?"

"I know you are very good, Bob, but I made up my mind long since that I could take care of myself," said Polly, with sudden, invincible, wicked quiet, that came to her sid from no one could tell whence.

"What on earth do you mean, Polly?" demanded Bob, startled out of his happy complacemen.

I have quite set my heart on you; I cannot live without you."

"That is what all men say beforehand; but I have heard my mother talk. No, Bob; I shall make a better governoss than wife; I am not out out for anybody's wife."

"Let see judge of that, Polly: don't shake your head. What has come over you to be such a little savage all at once? You were very vice yesterday; why did you let a fallow go on worshipping you, if you meant to be so hard on him at last? I don't understand it; I won't believe you can seriously mean to use a fallow so hadly. Is it true, then, that you don't care for me? is it true that you can't be happy with me—that you won't even think of it?

There was no softening or promise in Polly's counternance. She was feeling that she had come through the dreaded ordeal wonderfully, and the pride and excitement of a complete victory over the traitor in her bosom sustained her. Bob was speechless for a few minutes. They approached the turn of Pickett's Lane. At the supreme moment he looked at her once more with wrathful love, and said, in a constrained voice, "Then you'll have nothing to do with me. Polly?" Her heart moved with a cruel spasm, but her, "No, Bob," care out cold, curt, and clear as a drop of iced water.

Bob stepped into the road as Laura checked the pony; the halt was not for half a minute, and he had disappeared, and Polly was left to enjoy the triumph of principle over natural affection.

Maggie understood but too well what had happened, and, doing by Polly as she would have been done by in similar circumstances, she took no notice of her disappointing friend until they arrived at the station. There were not two minutes to wait, and the train dashed in. Laura stayed outside with the pony. Maggie took Polly's ticket, saw her luggage as fe and herself in a carriage alone; and then, just as the guard came along with his whistle and "All right," she hissed her, and said, with a sob, "I am swfully sorry, Polly; but it is your own fault. You dearer to die an old maid, and I believe you wi

VI.

It may, perhaps, be anticipated that Polly repented at once, for she was certainly fond of Bob; but it cannot confidently be averred that she did. When she arrived at home, her mother and Jane thought her looking remarkably rosy and well; nothing was observed to be the matter with her spirits, and as she kept her own counsel about Bab's offer, she had neither praise nor blame to endure, nor question, nor comment, nor criticism. Mrs. Saunders did remark once, "You have not picked up a beau in the country, then, Miss Polly?" and her mother did rejoin that she hoped her girls had more sense than to dream of beaux, but that was the nearest allusion to the subject; and, when the holidays were over, she went back to the Warden House and resumed her school-room work, in her orderly systematic way, as if she had not a care or a thought beyond it. For a month or two Mrs. Stapylton lived in daily expectation of a notice that she must provide herself with another governess; but no notice coming, she concluded that Polly had missed her chance, and, as she suited her admirably in every way, she was not sorry. Maggie's letters were not much less frequent or affectionate than formerly, but Polly was not invited again to spend her holidays at the Grange, as was very natural. Nor did they meet. People may live half a lifetime within a few miles of each other; and never meet, if neither desire it; and the three years Miss Mill had decreed as the abortest time any People may live half a lifetime within a few miles of each other; and never meet, if neither desire it; and the three years Miss Mill had decreed as the abortest time any governess who meant to prosper in her vocation should stay in her first place went over without ever bringing the two friends within eyesight of each other again.

Nobody died, meanwhile, and nobody was broken-hearted; only Mrs. Livingstone was once heard to say, bitterly, to Maggie, "Don't let me hear any more of your Polly Curtis!" and henceforth Polly's letters were read in private, and her name was never

Curtis!" and henceforth Polly's letters were read in private, and her name was never mentioned at the Grange. Bob was not the man to rave over a disappointment of the heart; he was more inclined to console himself in a way that was a sorrow to those at home. But Polly heard nothing of these consolations. When she mused of her old visits at Blackthorn Grange, which she did with a tender paradoxical regret (seeing how she had terminated them,) her imagination always represented everything there as it used to be; though she knew Laura and Fanny were married and gone, and that Mrs. Livingstone was no longer the active, strong house-mother she had been. And an unconscious change had come over Polly herself. A sweeter little woman to behold there was house-mother she had come over Polly herself. A sweeter little woman to behold there was not, far nor near, though she dressed herself indifferently, as women do who have no desire or expectation of attracting. She had great fortitude at her tedious work, and never flagged: she improved herself by private study, and had economized a few pounds, which she meant to carry her to a foreign school, where she proposed to teach English in return for lessons in music and languages. Mrs. Curtis approved of her entirely, and Jane had ceased to complain. Yes, Polly was most exceeding reasonable and practical, and was an anxiety to no one; yet sometimes a terrible sense of isolation would come over her, and she would cry softly, with that old spasm of the heart, "O, what a fool I have been!" as if she was sorry for some past irretrievable blunder. She had no longer the conceit of her own strength that was so obtrusive in her at seventeen. She had heard other people talk besides her mother and Mrs. Sanders, and in the loving, kindly family where she was domesticated she saw quite the other side—the happy side—of married life. But she was naturally reserved, and as she had religiously kept her one offer to herself, so she kept her repentance (if it was repentance,) and at the three years' end she prepared to change the scene of her life, and go to Germany.

Maggie Livingstone shed a few vexed tears

many.

Maggie Livingstone shed a few vexed tears over Polly's letter which brought the first announcement of her projected travels, and her brother Bob surprised her again, as he had surprised her on the original occasion which led to Polly's first visit to the Grange.

"Going to Germany, is she?" said he, when the communication of her affairs had been made to him—"going to Germany—"

"Yes, and I shall never see her again very likely. Poor little Polly! I was so fond of her, Bob!"

"Other people were fond of her, too,

"What on earth do you mean, Polly?" demanded Bob, startled out of his happy complacency.
"What I say. You are very kind, bulbut I don't intend to marry."

Bob was posed for a moment, though not silenced. "Change your mind for me, Polly.

Don't you think we could be happy together?

"We are all of us that when it's too late," rejoined Bob, and walked out of the recomposity whisting.

It was the ease evening that Maggie, addressing her brother, eaid: "Bob, you'll drive me into Lanswood on Saturday; I have written to ask Pelly to meet me at Miss Wiggins's shop, if it is fair, for a last walk and talk tagether. I can't hear the thought of letting her go so far from home without a word of good-by."

"All right, Maggie," said Bob, with seeming indifference, but Maggie knew better than to believe it was real. She felt sure that when he did not hear or answer her further talk that he was musing of Pollyperhaps whether she was wiser or not now. Polly was touched by Maggie's longing to see her again: "Dear old Maggie, she has forgiven me at last," she said.

Polly arrived first at the place of their appointment, and was sitting upstairs in Miss Wiggins's show-room when the Grange dogeart stopped at the door. She looked out with a pale little curstional face, and the ernel wrench at her heart; but no one looked up from below. There was Bob dressed in mourning, and Maggie and a little boy also is mourning, and a groom behind, who assisted Maggie to alight, and then lifted the up from below. There was no dressed in mourning, and Maggie and a little boy also is mourning, and a groom behind, who assisted Maggie to alight, and then lifted the child down and set him on the povement by her. Maggie took the boy by the hand to enterthe shop, and Bob drove off up the street, and was out of sight before his sister could mount the stairs. Polly stood fronting the door, and as Maggie cought a view of her she cried: "Blees thy bonnie face, Polly, it's just the same as ever!" and they kissed with all the old love that need to be between them. And, of course, they cried a little together, until the appearance of Miss Wiggins, intent on business, obliged them to clear their countenances, and take an interest in the fashions.

Maggie said she wanted nothing for herself, but she would look at some children's spring coats; and while Miss Wiggins was bringing forth patterns she called the child to her knees, and, taking off his hat, ruffled up his hair, and asked Polly who he was like.

"He is like Bob," said Polly, and blushed with soft surprise.

"It is Bob's son." replied Maggie. "Kiss

with soft surprise.

"It is Bob's son," replied Maggie. "Kiss this pretty lady, Arty." Arty was nothing loath, and Polly having supplied him with a box of barmless sugar-plums from Miss Wiggins's various stores, he sat on a stool at

gins's various stores, he sat on a stool at their feet, and was extremely content with his own society while the friends talked in hushed and interrupted tones.

"A hundred things have happened at the Grange that I never told you of; but you may have heard whispers? No! You know nothing about it, then? You governesses live quite out of the world, I suppose," said Margie, and naused

nothing about it, then? You governesses live quite out of the world, I suppose," said Maggie, and paused.

"In a very quiet secluded little world of our own," said Polly, and litted up the child's face to look at him again."

"He's pretty—isn't he? It was after—you know what—Bob took up suddenly with a girl in the village, and though we never knew it until she was dead (she died last October) he was married to her, and Arty is his heir. Bob dotes on him, and my mother too; she insisted on having him brought home to the Grange, and if ever you go to our oburch again you'll see 'Alice, the faithful wife of Robert Living-tone' on the family monument. She was quite a common person, and Bob would never have acknowledged her in my mother's lifetime; but there's the story, and not so bad as it might have been. She was handsome, and she loved Bob, or she would never have borne being looked down on as she was for his sake, or have kept his secret. However, it is out now, and she is gone—"

"Hasm't Arty eaten sweeties enough for once?" insinuated Polly, caressing the child, but making no response to Maggie.

"Yes: give the box to aunty to put in her pocket," Maggie said, and Arty with a little unwillingness yielded it up.

Then the spring coats were looked at, and one chosen, and a graden hat, and Arty was put to sleep for an hour on Miss Wiggins's bed, while Polly and her friend took a walk by the river, and continued their conversation. All the news was on Maggie's side.

Then they discussed Fanny and Laura and Maggie's private concerns, which were in a promising way, and the time went so swiftly that they were fire minutes below. swiftly that they were five minutes behind the hour agreed on for Bob to take his sister and little son up at Miss Wiggins's shop to go home. The dog-cart, however, was not at the door, and Maggie said she was glad, for Bob did not like the mare to be kept standing. They accended to the show-room to wait, and he was not long in coming; he was too soon, indeed, for half they had to say. At the sound of the wheels in the street, Polly offered herself for a last hug of her friend's kind arms, and Maggie was all in tears. all in tears.

"You'll come down and speak to Bob, just for a minute?" said she, and Polly suf-fered herself to be entreated, and went with

all her heart in her face. Bob evidently expected her, though he clored when she appeared; and as he lifted his hat, she saw he was ever so much older, but he had his kind rallying smile for her, as he said:

as he said:
"You wear well, Polly; better than most
of us, I think."
"It is a calm life at the Warden House,"

many evils, but they have not befallen yet. While waiting for them, she is, however, blessed in a standing grievance—assuely, that Polly's one boy is not the eldest son, and will not inherit the Livingstone Manor. But she is not aware that she herself is to blasse for this, her pet mortification, and Polly is not likely to tell her.

Reaching after sunbeams
With a dimpled hand—
That is right, my darling,
Grasp the golden band.
Fold it to your bosom;
Let it cheer your heart;
Gather radiant sunbeams;
Bid the clouds depart.

When your feet shall wander When your reet shall wander From my side away, You will find that evil With the good may stray. Never heed it, darling, Let it pass the while; Gather only sunbeams! Keep your hearts from guile.

Orief may be your portion,
Shadows dim your way;
Clouds may darkly threaten
To obscure the day.
Don't despair, my darling,
There's a Father's love;
How could there be shadows
With no light above?
—The Little Corporal.

### THE DUENNA'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

TRICKS AND MANNERS.

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TRICKS AND MANNERS.

If ever there was a tiresome, pert, aggravating minx of a girl in this world, that girl was that precious pupil of mine, Miss Jessica Flake. I have read in many novels—being partial to what a bishop the other day kindly called general literature—vivid descriptions of the indignities habitually heaped on friendless governesses by the amiable parents of their pupils, and I amprepared to say that they may all be endured with equanimity provided the pupils themselves are rational, advisable, accountable sort of girls. But when, in addition to behaving at all times in a manner calculated to nauseate every well-regulated mind, a young woman of nineteen, with every worldly advantage, and a considerable share of what I believe men consider beauty, takes to throwing in the teeth of a lady of—well, some years her senior, the natural desire for matrimony common to all her sex, and to dinning into her ears the necessarily large number of ladies who fail to attain to wedded happiness, the situation of proceptress really becomes almost unendurable. That I nevertheless did endure it for many years, and even afterwards accepted a position, if possible, still more repugnant to my feelings, may be ascribed to the fact that my salary certainly was munificent, that I was treated by Miss Flake's guardian—who was a wine merchant and a widower—with the greatest regard and consideration, and that for some hours at least of every day my time was my own. In fact, but for Jessica, I should have done very well; and as, but for her, my situation would not have existed at all, I was compelled by a hard fate to keep my grievances in my pocket and to tolerate the presence of—if I may be allowed a strong expression—my abhorred pupil.

Not that Jessica herself had any idea of my real sentiments towards her; on the contrary, her vanity led her to imagine that I really liked her society, and she bestowed a

Not that Jessica herself had any idea of my real sentiments towards her; on the contrary, her vanity led her to imagine that I really liked her society, and she bestowed a good deal of that variable commodity upon me. She would come lolloping into my room of an afternoon in one of her rich silks—I believe she dressed by contract with Marshall's, for a box from that establishment arrived regularly every week—she ment arrived regularly every week—she would come lolloping in, I say, with her black hair tumbling untidily over her shoul-ders, and a vulgar red color in her cheeks, and throw herself down on the sofa by my

go on living to yourself.—your interests will lessen every day you live. Oh, Polly, it makes me sad to look at you, and to think what might have been," said Maggie, tenderly.

"Never mind! Let bygones be bygones," said Polly; but there were tears in her eyes, and almost a sob in her throat.

Then they discussed Fanne and throw herself down on the sofa by my window as saucily as you please. "I'm afraid I'm too late for my German lesson," she would say. "I've been asleep in the sun under the chestnut tree, and never woke till just this minute. I hope you didn't stay in-doors for me, you dear old Man?" (short for Miss Manners.)

Not choosing to notice her investigation.

would coolly stretch out her analysis obook.

"What have you got there? Oh, you nanghty, old, romantic thing! I thought I told you to read no more Freuch novels. They'll only make you miserable and discontented. Dear me, it's a thousand pities everybody can't marry and live happily ever after, as they do in the books; but the sad fact is, that they can't. There's no fighting against statistics, you know. A million suagainst statistics, you know. A million superfluous spinsters in Great Britain; 365,000 extra women, nearly all of the upper classes, in England alone! Think of all the heartin England alone! Think of all the heart-break, and struggle, and disappointment that represents! I needn't be one of them unless I choose, because I'm rich and clever, and I suppose I'm handsome; but I'm not sure that I shan't resolve to be an old maid, and lessen the competition. That will be bestowing one more chance upon you, don't you see? You may marry my husband, perhaps. Oh, you poor, kind soul, I'm afraid I'm hurting your feelings again. But you know I don't mean it; it's only in fun."
Fun! Fun to her, I dare say. That was the way she was always rattling on. On coming of age, Jessica, with her usual love of ostentation, had insisted on setting up a peny carriage, with a handsome pair of

"It is a calm life at the Warden House," said she, quite with a shaken voice.

"And so you are going all the way to Germany—going by yourself?"

"Yes." She had to stand aside for Maggie and the child to reach their places, and from the step of Miss Wiggin's shop she waved them all her good-by. She was still standing gazing after them, when Bob looked round before turning the corner of the etreet, and told Maggie to dry her tears and not fret.

"I can't help fretting when I think I shall perhaps never, never see her again; dear little thing that she is! Oh, Bob, if you had only waited to ask her till now that she's come to a right sense of things."

Bob made no answer to his sister's rueful adjuration; he was lost in thought of Polly's beauty and Polly's sweetness, as they were once and were still, and wondering whether she would have anything to do with him now.

Perhaps you can guess how it all ended, and I need tell you no mere.

Yes. Bob aasked Polly again, and Polly gave him a prettier answer this time. Mrs. Curtis cried at the wedding, and foreboded

The state of the s

really found it out?"

This was an embarrassing way of receiving my communication, and I tried to speak

again, but she cut me short.

"Don't you hate him for contriving to keep you quiet on your sofa all these days? I am afraid it was ill-behaved, but there was some excuse for it, wasn't there? you'll for-

give it now, won't you?"

Her vehemence perplexed me. It always

did.
"Of course, Jessica," I said, "I have observed a feeling growing up in Dr. Reddinan's mind, which—in short you seem to have noticed it too, but is it possible that he has said anything to you upon the sub-

"Only to-day, dear. I would have told you if he had done so before. It wouldn't have been fair to tie the poor dear to her sofa an hour longer than necessary."

"You would, not, indeed, I trust, have kept me longer in suspense in a matter in which my happiness is so deeply involved. I appreciate the delicacy of the way Dr. Reddiman has chosen of making known his wishes. When you see him to-morrow, dear Jessica, you may tell him from me"—what made her stare at me so?—"that—that—that I am not altogether indifferent to his intentions."

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must speak.

"My dear Jessica," I began, "I was just wishing for you." That was untrue, of course. There must have been something peculiar in my tone, for she turned round instantly, brush in hand, and looked at me. I could see that she was unprepared for what was to come. Having my suspicions as to the state of her feelings, I thought it best to go on, and put her out of her misery at once.

"I wanted to ask you a question, Jessica. Have you—have you ever noticed anything peculiar in Dr. Reddiman's manner?"

Her answer to this was to come and kneel by my sofa, to throw her arms round my neck in the most unexpected way, and to cry,

"Oh! you dear, elever woman, have you really found it out?"

This was an embarrassing way of receiving the say it rested to have a suppression of that deceitful serpent, Dr. Reddiman, would have astonished a weak mind. My mind being strong, it merely enraged me. Now and then, too, when they did seem to observe my presence, I could see a look of pity in their eyes, for which, naturally, I hated them all the more. The Reddiman found it out, and from that time there was no love lost between him and me. Mr. Fairbrother, meanwhile, was pleased highly to approve of my constant solicitude for his ward, whom he was good enough to say he saw I treated like a suppression of the room or not. The amount of philandering to which I was a withese, and I really don't think they had many.

But those two young idiots were so happy in their fool's paradise, and I really don't think they had many.

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But those two young idiots were so happy in their fool's paradise, and I really don't hink they had many.

But those two young idiots were so happy in their fool's paradise, and I really don't hi solicitude for his ward, whom he was good enough to say he saw I treated like a younger sister. He and I used to play a quiet game of "ecarte," of an evening while those two were billing and cooing in the corner, or behind the curtains, or wherever they could best stow themselves away out of sight. Once Dr. Reddiman came behind me and looked over my hand.
"Do you propose?" said Mr. Fairbrother.
"Propose!" said the doctor with a smecr.
"Oh, dear no. Miss Manners plays her cards too well for that. She would probably not have the same objection to accept-

ably not have the same objection to accept-

ing."
"But I dealt," said Mr. Pairbrother, in-

"But I dealt," said Mr. Fairbrother, innocently.

"Only to-day, dear. I would have told you if he had done so before. It wouldn't have been fair to tie the poor dear to her sofa an hour longer than necessary."

"You would, not, indeed, I trust, have kept me longer in suspense in a matter in which my happiness is so deeply involved. I appreciate the delicacy of the way Dr. Reddiman has chosen of making known his wishes. When you see him to-morrow, dear Jossica, you may tell him from me"—what was the only result.

That year had been one of unusual stir in the moneyed world. Early in the spring prices had begun to rise; month after month new companies, with imposing lists of directors who bartered their names for paid-up shares, were set afoot by enterprising promoters, and as fast as they started into existence, capital was applied by a too sanguine public. At last the crash came. Hundreds of respectable merchants became insolvent, and in their downfall they overwhelmed houses whose stability had been a proverb

"Jessics, you are unreasonable," he said. "You have no right to ask such questions. Before a man allows himself to become attached to a woman, he is bound to consider her position and his own. That does not make his love the less disinterested."

does not make rested."

"Ah," she said, with a long sigh. "Yes, that is just as I thought."
All of a sudden, she seized his hand and

All of a sudden, she seized his hand and kissed it. "Good-bye, Dr. Reddiman," she said, "I—I'm sorry to grieve you, but I must work for my bread, and perhaps some day we may meet upon equal terms. Think of me as kindly as you can. I shan't easily forget you. Good-bye;" and she turned from him and walked quickly towards the house. The doctor stood looking after her with a black frown upon his brow, but he did not attempt to follow her. And so they parted in anger.

All the rest of that day Jessica's face was fixed and resolute, and she spoke to no one. In the evening a note came from Dr. Reddi-man, and happening to pass behind Jessica shortly afterwards, my eyes fell upon it and her answer. His note ran thus:

"MY OWN DEAREST JESSICA-I fear I seemed harsh to you to-day. Forgive me, my darling, and think no more of it. It was the notion of your struggling all alone with the world that drove me wild? Did

one?

"—— to follow her. Confound her! so young, and pretty, and taking as she is, there is no end to the scrapes she will get into, and she has just enough money to pay there is no end to the scrapes she will get into, and she has just enough money to pay for bread and butter; so I can't starve her into submission at present. She absolutely refuses to let me provide her with a companion. She wants to be independent, she says; but she can't hinder your living close by her, at my expense, and following her about, and keeping an eye upon her, and that sort of thing. Would you do it, ma'am, and let me know how she gets on?"

To keep an eye on Jessica! that was all. Ah, me! how women's hearts are made to flutter in vain.

I longed to refuse; yet if I did so, where would be my salary? Where also would be my cherished hopes—I will not blush to confess them—of yet becoming the mistress of Mr. Fairbrother's house? I swallowed my disappointment, and took my reso-

lowed my disappointment, and took my reso lution

"Sir." I said "there is nothing which I would not undertake for Jessica's sake—and for yours. Ease, comfort, health itself shall

be sacrified at your request."
"Well, I hope it won't be quite so bad as that," said he, with rather a comical smile;" but at any rate I am much obliged smile; "but at any rate I am much congect to you for consenting. When can you be

self," she continued with increasing energy, "that I do not like skulls and limbs, and sich like brought into my house, which always give me the creeps, and ain't right besides in a parlor."

Jessica could not keep her countenance at that, so she laughed, and then tried to look as if she hadn't.

"There—there—my good woman, I understand—I quite understand, and I don't blame you," said Mr. Fairbrother, pushing her out before him on to the landing; and after a short interview with her there he returned alone. As soon as he came in, Jessica went up and kissed him.

"Oh, Guardy," said she, "what a set of helpless fools women must be, that when one of them tries quietly to do some work in the world she should risk her good name, and be pointed at as a kind of curious animal into the bargain."

"Come home with me, Jessica," he said.
"No," she said, "I won't be such a coward as that. I think I'll have my teeth pulled out and wear a sandy wig," and then she laughed rather saily. "Look here, Guardy, if you wish it, and Miss Manners will have me, I'll live here with her for the present. Only till I've got my diploma, though. For, oh dear! only think of an apothecary with a chaperon."

So it was settled, and there were no more quiet chats with Mr. Fairbrother for me, Yet he came frequently; not, surely, only

my darling, and think no more of it. It was the notion of your struggling all alone with the world that drove me wild? Did you think I would allow my wife to degrade herself in that way? It is a man's duty to make his own way through life, and a woman's to be soft and dependent, as I mean you, my sweetest, to be.

"Your devoted lover,
"Your devoted lover,
"Your devoted lover,
"FRANCES REDDIMAN."

How astoundingly little men know about women! All their lives they are close to day, as sons, brethers, hasbands, till we can play blindfold upon their heart-strings; but as for them, su boul du compte, they might as well be monks for all the wisdom they show

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reelf prepared for the first examination, harself prepared for the first examination, and wrote to Apothecaries' Hall to inquire when she should present herself. When the answer came she was sitting at a table with Herr Professor Gudwig, intent upon a diagusting looking object, which I understood to be part of the spine of a kangaroo rat.

She seized the letter, knowing by the seal

whence it came, and tore it open. As she read she changed color. "Look, look at that!" she cried, throwing it to me. "All my work wasted—all—all. And I have tried my very best. What shall I do?"
The letter was as follows:

"APOTHECARIES HALL, LONDON, E. C. S"MADAM—I am directed by the Chair-"MADAH—I am directed by the Chair-man of the Court of Examiners to call your attention to the following resolution just passed by the Court:—'Resolved, That the Court of Examiners refuse to receive any certificates of lectures, or of anatomical in-structions, delivered in private to students, apart from the ordinary classes of recog-nized public medical schools.'

'I am, Madam,
'' Your obedient servant,
''B-P-W-, Sec."

After I had finished the letter, Herr Gud

After I had smaned the letter, herr out-wig took it up and read it also.

"Die English are a strange people," he said, peering through his spectacles at Jes-sica as she sat with her hands clasped on the lap of her black dress. "Die men dey choose to be free, but dey always want die women for dere slaves. I dare to say dey have made die rule on purpose to keep die women for eare mayer. I have so say we have made dis rule on purpose to keep die doctoring work to demselves. Dey are jealous, dat is what it is. But what signifies it? In my country, in Zurich, many ladies take diplomas, and dey willingly lectures wid die students attend. Why should

ladies take diplomas, and dry willingly lectures wid die students attend. Why should not die Fraulein do de same in England?"

Jessica turned her head eagerly towards him, and then, shading her cycs with her hand, she thought for a minute.

"I will!" she cried, suddenly flushing and starting up. "Herr Gudwig, you are quite right. I will not give way. I am trying to live like a brave, honest woman. Why should I be ashamed of studying before all the world?"

That very afternoon I was obliged, sorely That very afternoon I was obliged, sorely against my will, to accompany Jessica to a certain school of medicine, whose lectures the proposed to honor with her attendance. It was a biting day, with a steel-gray sky, a cutting cast wind, and short gusts of sleet at intervals; a nice day, indeed, for a lady to be dragged, at a dashing pace, across the park, by the most unreasonable and uncongenial of companions. Oh! Mr. Fairbrother, Mr. Fairbrother, what was I not enduring for yoursake?

r yoursake? I don't know how Jessica may have felt,

for your sake?

I don't know how Jessica may have felt, but I was cold, and draggled, and miserable by the time we reached the hospital. We were shown into a small room, where sat a grave, elderly physician, and in which we found also a much younger man, who, after the first few words, disappeared.

"My dear young lady," said Doctor A——, looking at Jessica, apparently with approbation, when she had poured out, in her vehement way, the reason that induced her to come to him, "I am sincerely sorry to disappoint you, but it is impossible for you thattend the lectures of this school. I myself am one of those who think that the struggle which women are making to compete on equal terms with men is worthy of all praise, but others think differently. The students would not admit you to their lecture-room, nor could I protect you from positive insult if you were there."

"Do you mean that it is hopeless—that I must give up, after all?" asked Jessica, in a high-pitched voice full of pain.

"I fear so. I would not discourage you if I were not certain that your wishes cannot be accomplished. Opinion has, for the pre-

I were not certain that your wishes cannot be accomplished. Opinion has, for the pre-sent, put its veto upon the efforts of your sex in this direction."

Jessica made no reply. She bit her lip till all the color went out of it, and drawing

down her veil, she turned away without a word. As I followed her out of the house, I was weak enough almost to pity her. Deeply as she had injured me, I could have it in my heart to help her at that

moment.
She held her head down, and shivered as she felt the cold air. On the steps a few students were loitering, mostly young men of about twenty. There were glancings and mutterings among them as Jessica came out. One of them laughed insolently; another stood in her path, and stooped as if to look through her veil; immediately she threw it back, and raising her head, she stood perfeetly still, facing them. Her checks were tear-stained, but there was such a light in her eyes as I had never seen there before. With her heightened color, and proud, quivering mouth, she certainly did look very beautiful. There was a dead silence; she stood to for a moment, and then, bowing her head, she went down the steps, the young men making way for her respectfully. We walked on without speaking for some time, when suddenly a thin voice whispered in Jessica's ear:

"I am going to take him home, Man," she wish home, Man," she said and not know, Man, "she said finished in some way. How can I tell whether it is true that he is askeep?"

"You will not see your broder—not district to me.

I spurmed it from me—I threw it on the with time, "retorted Herr Gudwig, now fairly in a gone by.

"Sir, do you think to pay for services for you again, if he wish. If you go not out of dis house I will tell you some more truth. You are a—"

(I heard—I kaow I heard Dr. Reddiman mutter something about Miss Kilmansegg.)

"Is this your care of Jessica, ma'am?"

His energy conquered her. Before he he erited out. "As sure as you're a living woman. I saw her go by in a cab this mo-

"Has die Francein made her arran ments! Will she want me new ne more Fraulein made her arrange-There was no reply, and Herr Gudwig re-

They won't let me come," Jessica burst and won't let me come. Jessica burst out at last. "My work is all thrown away; all my schemes have come to an end; but I will make new ones; they shall not baffle me. I will never go back to be the miserable, felle futile creature. , futile creature that most women are to

the end of the chapter!' "So!" said the Swiss, stalking slowly by her side, "so! die Fraulin has been disap-pointed? neware mind, we can put that to right. All things will be right if die Frauein will only come to Zurich—wid me—als neine Braut—Oh! willst Du?" And the yel-ow beard approached so closely to her face, of stale tobacco-smoke cam across to me on the other side. Jessica shrank

from him with a look of dismay.
"Et tu, Brute," she muttered to herself.
The teacher of physiology caught the The teacher of physiology caught the words; the yellow beard became suddenly Jessica had had Dr. Reddiman taken into my own bed-room, as the largest room, and grief came into the watery blue eyes.

The teacher of physiology caught the finding, when we reached the lodging, that Jessica had had Dr. Reddiman taken into my own bed-room, as the largest room, and my own bed-room, as the largest room, and self?"

ed. "Is it not of her I have been thinking all through the long lessons, more than of die bones? Physiologie is good, but ah! love" (he pronounced it loave) "love is better myself," he pronounced, after examining the bandages; "and delay might have been fatal.

sica at last round voice sowly.

she spoke, it was very slowly.

state.

now. Life seems so difficult and it is very terrible to me to think I may have wronged you. But as you are a gentleman, Herr Gudwig, and I am sure you are, I entrant you not to speak to me again this way."

The poor fellow gnawed his beard, and made some gutural sound, as though he changed his mind. With one more appealing look, he fell back, and allowed us to proceed alone.

said, in answer to Mr. Fairbrother's remonstrances. "Do you suppose I would leave him to be taken care of he a bospital nume?"

"Jemics, have you to sense of propriety?"

"No!" she said, and as she spoke her eyes seemed to dilate... "none that would send me from his bedside at such a time as this. What place on carth could be so fitting for me now?"

When she was gone, I hinted that, under

ceed alone.

As he left us, the snow began again to fall fast, and the gusts of wind fired it in volleys in our faces, so that speech, and even eight, became difficult. We had taken our homeward way through certain quiet streets more sheltered than the Park, and, fighting more sheltered than the Park, and, fighting the most hand the park with our will drawn more sheltered than the Park, and, fighting against the weather, with our veils drawn close, we found ourselves, before we were aware of it, on the verge of a group that was almost a crowd, chiefly composed of women fighting—fighting, that is, so far as that one of them, apparently the more powerful of the two, was struggling violently to escape, while the other, who wore the dress of a gentleman, with his hand twisted in his opponent's coat-collar, was energetically endeavoring to detain him. The prisoner used his fists manfully and effectually, and his captor, still holding on, gave now and then a rapid glance round, as if in search of a policeman. But no such assistance was at hand. The women huddled together, half attracted and half terries to the stand drawer and assistance was at name. The women much died together, half attracted and half terrified by the sight; the lads danced round the combatants with unmixed delight, encouraging both sides impartially.

"Hold tight, sir. I see him come behind yer and try to garrote yer. I'll be witness,

"Pitch into him, old cock; you'll get

away if you do."
"What are you a grinning at, Bob? Why
don't yer fetch a p'leeceman for the gentle-

man?"

The pair appeared to be about equally matched; but the gentleman would not return the blows of his prisoner, contenting himself with warding them off as well as he could. At last the ruffian threw himself backwards with a jerk, and getting his leg round the leg of his captor, gave a sudden wrench, and the coat-collar acting as a lever, the gentleman fell heavily to the ground. The other recovered himself, and darted away, the falling anow speedily hiding him

from sight.

Up to this moment Jessica had been simply waiting to pass, thinking the fight was a mere good-humored brawl. So at least she said afterwards, in excuse for not having turned back at once, as I begged her to do; turned back at once, as I begged her to do; but as she was never in the habit of following my advice, that circumstance hardly required explanation. However, we both heard the thud of the fall upon the pavement, and in the second before the crowd closed in Jessica had seen that the prostrato figure was as still and motionless as death. Instantly she pressed forward.

Instantly she preased forward.

"Let me pass, good people," she urged;
"I may be of use. I understand something
of doctoring. Pray let me pass."

The people stared at her with surprise,
but made room for her.

The people stared at her with surprise, but made room for her. The wild young spirits had been completely subdued by the unexpected seriousness of the catastrophe, an I some of them were gently raising the arm of the unconscious man, and pressing his shoulder in hopes of rousing him. Any help was welcome, and with something of the instinctive respect with which a doctor is received on such an occasion, Jessica was allowed to make her way through the gathering throug. All at once she rushed forward with a half-stifled cry; the swaying crowd gave way a little, and I, from a doorstep on which I had taken refuge, beheld my pupil, Jessica Flake, scated on the pavemy pupil, Jessica Flake, seated on the pave-ment in the midst of the snow, while sup-ported on her knee, with closed eyes and bleeding lips, lay Dr. Reddiman's insensible

# CHAPTER IV.

DEFEAT OR VICTORY

In the wet, "a sloppy door-step is by no means an agree-able post of observation. It is astonishing to me that my constitution endured all I went through that day. Nobody paid any attention to me; a dozen men were ready to help Jessica, and eager to obey her orders. They lifted Dr. Reddiman, still unconscious, into a cab, she getting in with him and supporting his head. Positively the cabman was on the point of driving off before she recollected my existence. Then she beckoned, and in a second the crowd pushed me roughly forward to the cab-door. "I am going to take him home, Man," is an agoing to take him home, Man," said Mr. Heaven only knows how he got mong such a set of people. He must have she said, "to our lodging. No one knows However delightful Mr. Tennyson may find it to "stand on a tower in the wet," a sloppy door-step is by no means an agree-able post of observation. It is astonishing

woman, I saw her go by in a cab this mo-ment, with a man's head upon her shoul-

Dr. Reddiman."
"The deuce it was. When we all begged

mediately be driven out of his mind by this reply. As soon as he would listen with any-

it. "Nothing could be more unfortunate.
Well, ma'am, I suppose there's nothing for it but to go and look after her, instead of standing here to be frozen. If she won't hear reason now, I declare I will wash my hands of her for the future." I need hardly describe my feelings on

words; the yellow beard became suddenly Jessica had had Dr. Reddiman taken into clongated, and a ludicrous expression of grief came into the watery blue eyes.

Die Fraulein might still be eine Frau Doctorinn if she would consent," he pleaded. "Is it not of her I have been thinking lithrough the land had been sent for. When he came he looked at her with expressions all through the land had been sent for.

Jessica at last found voice to answer; but If he lives, it will be as much owing to your

this. What place on carn could be so atting for me now?"

When she was gone, I hinted that, under the circumstances, I could hardly be expected to remain, but I was overruled in anistant.

"My dear good lady, don't talk of leaving

her. I beg-I cutreat-is fact, I insist upon your staying. Only for abort time, I trust. If he recovers, I declare I'll make her over to him, if I have to take her to church

If he recovers, I declare I'll make her over to him, if I have to take her to church by force, and them—then I shall endeavor to show my gratitude to you."

What answer could I make to such a speech? I promised to have patience.

For many days Dr. Reddiman hovered between life and death. Delirium and unconsciousness alternated. The most extreme quiet was necessary, and Jessica went in and out as quietly as a ghost, and looking almost as white. Herr Professor Gudwig called, and, hearing what had happened, came every day to see if he could be of use. Sometimes Jessica would sit with him for a few minutes; oftener he went away without seeing her. He was contented to be within the sound of her footstep, and to be allowed to fetch-and-tarry for her like a slave. His face seemed daily to grow longer, and his blue eyes more watery.

At length consciousness began to return to Dr. Reddiman—slowly, and with frequent intervals of wandering. Sometimes he knew Jessica, and called her by her name, but he never showed any surprise at her presence. The address of a married sister, his only re-

never showed any surprise at her presence. The address of a married sister, his only relation living near London, was, after a time

"She had better be sent for," said the surgeon: "we are not out of the wood yet."

Accordingly a letter was written, and on the next day came a thin, fair, soft-voiced woman of about forty, exquisitely dreased, and so tall that she towered even over Jessian.

and so tall that she towered even over Jessica.

"Mrs. Murray, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the lady, rather grimly, looking Jessica over from head to foot, and gazing especially at her left hand.

"I must ask you to wait a little. Thank God, your brother is asleep—the first real sleep he has had. It is only just in time; he will be saved now," and her lip quivered.

"When did the accident occur?" inquired Mrs. Murray, in the same tone.

"A week ago. He has been very, very ill ever since. Till yesterday we did not know your address, and he was in no state to be asked.

'It seems strange, but I suppose he was too well cared for to wish to see said Mrs. Murray, with a touch of satire in her voice. Have I the pleasure of speaking her voice. I

"No," said Jessica, blushing deeply.
"No doubt you are at least engaged to

him?"
"I am not."
"Then may I ask what has procured him
the honor of the attendance of a young
lady?" asked Mrs. Murray, laying great
stress upon the word.

If Jessica had not perversely persisted in
sitting up every night, even when she could sitting up every night, even when she could be of no use, she would have been better able to bear the question, and the tone in which it was put. As it was, she said not a word, but, sitting down in a chair, she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"You are one bad, base, superstitious woman!" said a thin voice at Mrs. Murray's ear, in a loud whisper.

She started.
"You insult dat angel! You make to cry dat pure, innocent God's creature! You are nozing but a superstitious poltroon!"

He brought the last words out with a He brought the last words out with a flourish, as if he considered them a triumph

of idiomatic English, as no doubt he did.

Mrs. Murray was so taken aback by this
unexpected attack, that it seemed to take

He followed, talking and gesticulating with his long arms, till she fairly fled, and

Yes, sir," I said, "I know it. It was he actually put her into her cab and saw it drive off before he returned.

Dr. Reddiman."

"The deuce it was. When we all begged and implored her to marry him respectably, why couldn't she do it? And you mean to say she has gone off with him after all?"

"Not exactly that, sir, because he is insensible."

Mr. Fairbrother looked as if he must impressed her the subject was dropped. As for Jessica, it seemed as if he could hardly be also as the could hardly her that the subject is not become as the could hardly be also as the could hardly her that the subject is not become as the could hardly her that the subject is not become as the could hardly her that the subject is not seemed as if he bear her out of his sight. Indeed, from the reply. As soon as he would listen with anything like calmness, I explained the matter.

"Whew—w!" he said, when he had heard time I never believed him to be quite as ill time I never believed him to be quite as ill to the time when he could listen to her readto the time when he could listen to her reading, and lie holding her hand and looking into her eyes for hours, his recovery was very rapid, and beyond that point it was very rapid, and beyond that point it was protected female with impunity, but if I can obtain no redress, at least you shall be

"I knew it," he said, stretching out his thin flugers to take hers. "Sometimes I thought it was a dream, but I always knew you were there. And sometimes, oh! Jessie, my love, my dearest, I thought you were my wife."

And she hers counting the said, stretching out his these five years."

So he had, the old hypocrite, to his cook, and had concealed the fact, test it should injure the prospects of his beloved ward.

Oh! the deceitfulness of mankind.

I left Feltham that exeming: I have

skill as mine. But he is in a most critical state." Not your wife yet, Frank; but state."

Don't chaff me, Guardy," said Jessica. "He doesn't, and it isn't generous. You know all that's a sore subject."
"I'm delighted to hearit," said Mr. Fairbrother, not at all inclined to spare her.

"I congratulate you on your return to com-mon sense. It's hard if I mayn't poke a bit of fun at you after all the trouble you've given me. I hope I've heard the last of the given me. I hope I've heard the last of the 365,000 superfluous spinsters. Eb, Jess?"
"Guardy," said Jessica, and for once she spoke humbly, "I know I've been defeated.
Women who want to do anything for themselves in the world have a hard battle to selves in the world have a hard battle to fight, and it's been too much formy strength. Things will be different years hence. Perhaps some great genius will arise, and lead the way for us. Meanwhile, God help women who are not married and cannot hope to be, for they have desolate lives to lead! Well, I don't think I shall be a worse wife for having tried what it feels like."

for having tried what it feels like for having tried what it feels like."

They were to be married at Feltham on the first of May. The preparations for the wedding devolved upon me, of course. It was in vain to expect any help from Jessica. I can't say I saw any improvement in her. "The less fuss the better," was all she would say when she was consulted, and Dr. Reddiman seemed to be quite of her opinion. But Mr. Fairhrother was evidently gratified.

Reddiman seemed to be quite of her opinion. But Mr. Fairbrother was evidently gratified by my resuming the direction of his establishment; and the very servants began, I could see, to perceive the way in which things were tending.

At longth the day arrived—Jessica's wedding-day, and that on which I felt that my own fate would be likewise scaled. It was a warm old-fashioned May day. With term. own fate would be likewise scaled. It was a warm old-fashioned May day. With trembling hands I tied the strings of the pink bonnet—pink was Mr. Fairbrother's favorite color—which I had purchased for the occasion, and we proceeded to church. There were no guests. Mr. Fairbrother gave away the bride with a radiant face, and the cerepary was soon over the way were leaving.

the bride with a radiant face, and the ceremony was soon over. As we were leaving
the vestry, a well-known yellow beard
showed itself in the doorway.

"I wish much joy," said itsowner, making
his way to Jessica; "now dat I have seen
die happy spectacles I shall be better. I
come to wish good-bye too. England suits
me no more. I am going home—to Zurich."
Jessica held out her hand and tried to
neak Annarently she was unable to do

speak. Apparently she was unable to do so, for, after a little pause, she absolutely looked him full in the face, stood on tiptoe, and kissed him. I hope Dr. Reddiman liked it.

liked it.

The time for the departure of the bride and bridegroom had nearly arrived, when, tired and impatient, though full of hope, I sat down for a moment's rest in the back drawing-room. My chair was partly hidden by the folding-door, half of which was closed, and before I was aware of it, Mr. Fairbrother, Dr. Reddiman, and Jessica entered the front room together. They stood for a moment by the window talking. My hand shakes as I transcribe what I then heard Dr. Reddiman was speaking, and the words

Dr. Reddiman was speaking, and the words which he said was these:

"Well, then, I suppose you'll be glad to get rid of the Old Cat as soon as you can. It will be good riddance of bad goods in my

For a second indignation kept me silent; For a second indignation kept me silent; then I started up.
"I am here," I cried; "I have heard your unmanly words. I know to whom you allude. Mr. Fairbrother, will you allow me to be so spoken of in your hearing?"

A 100k of blank amazement overspread their form.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Fairbrother. ing towards me; "Frank did not mean It was a slip of the tongue, and he will logize. I am quite aware of the obligations I am under to you, my dear ma'am, and as to leaving this house, I wish you to take your time about it, and consult your

own convenience entirely."

At these words I flung prudence to the winds. Now, or never, was the time to

like mine? Can gold heal an aching heart?" (I heard—I know I heard Dr. Reddiman mutter something about Miss Kilmansegg.) "If you have trilled with my affections, do

What on earth is the woman driving "What on Fairbrother, looking round a sked Mr. Fairbrother, looking round with well-feigned astonishment. "Five hundred pounds is a pretty substantial form for gratitude to take, I should think." Dr. Reddiman looked from one to the

other with a cynical smile "Plain speaking is always best," he said.
"Miss Manners considers, sir, that her services cannot be sufficiently recompensed except by the offer of your hand and-house.

The question is whether you take the same view of the matter."
"She isn't such a fool," said Mr. Fair-

"I am here," she said, putting back the curtain.
"How many weeks have you been with me? Were you here before I came to my self?"

Ever since the accident," she said.

"Ever since the accident," she said. Ha, ha!"-he actually burst out with a

I left Feltham that evening; I have never een any of them since. Dr. Reddiman y wife."

And she bent over him, and whispered -I seen any of them since. Dr. Reddiman poisoned the mind of Mr. Fairbrother to personed the mind of Mr. Fairbrother to keep "I thought you, at any rate, understood me," she said, imploringly. "If I have raised any false hopes, God knows it has been unintentional. I hope you may be able to forgive me. At least, spare me just

atta."

\*\*After that it was quite hopeless to induce to the check of the Council of Physicians?" asked Mr. of the Council of Physicians?

\*\*After that it was quite hopeless to induce up my acquaintance. I picked up the check of the Council of Physicians?" asked Mr. of the Council of Physicians?" asked Mr. of the Council of Physicians?

\*\*After that it was quite hopeless to induce up my acquaintance. I picked up the check of an annuity; but what is fifty pounds a year to a lady of my refined tastes and habits? I weed.

with Dr. Reddiman, and had come out of his room in high good humor. Or is it to be Apothecary to the Queen and Royal Family?"

Trust a man for hitting one when one is down. They will all do it—even the best of them.

The Compressional Bath-Reem.

In the Washington letter to the Cleveland Leader we find the following: "Some days ago I secured a ticket for the baths, and was shown down into the vaults of the Capitol. In a short space of time I looked like an antique marble, and got into my quarry at once. Lying there splashing and holding my nose, many Roman visions came back to me. To appreciate the real Roman civilization, you must get into a marble bath-tub me. To appreciate the real Roman civili-zation, you must get into a marble bath-tub and repeat a speech of Cicero. While mus-ing of the bliss of serving one's country in nummer, and debating as to how a Turkish pipe might soothe this too classical atmos-phere, I was surprised to observe upon the ceiling a violent agitation of shadows. The effect was that of a regiment drill of mosquieffect was that of a regiment drill of mosquitoes; the shadows swept together, made fantastic images, leaped and shook in a manner that awakened my inquisitiveness. The booths inclosing the bath-rooms reach their partitions only half way to the ceiling, and it was patent to me that somebody on the other side was going through some very extraordinary motions. My belief was that my neighbor had a fit. Compassion, not to say curiosity—far be the latter from me!—incited me to make an observation. Therefore I caught the top of the partition with my hands and curiously peeped over. Confore I caught the top of the partition with my hands and curiously peeped over. Conscript Fathers! There was a reverend Senator executing a jig upon the bath-room floor. Lankness and abundant stomach were equally prominent in him. He planted the flat of his foot upon the slabs to the perfect time of an linaudible tune, and looked as much like the dancing faun as the ewe looks like the lamb. The hands that I had seen raised to enunciate the truths of statemanship were flung aloft to the negro melody of 'Ho diddle down, fiddle rol de diddle!' I beheld one of the most eminent men of my held one of the most eminent men of my acquaintance thus beguiling the leisures of the State. What a picture for a constitu-ency? What a position for posterity! A resume of those shanks and that abdomen overthrew my reverence for classical cos

Grace Greenwood tells, in the Advance, an anecdote of an English novelist whose life often contradicts the noble sentiments

of his books:—
When the poet Longfellow was a score of years younger than he is now, and far less famous, he visited London for the first time. famous, he visited London for the first time.

Among his letters of introduction to people
of distinction was one from a member of the
New York press to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, who was then at the height of his
popularity.

Our young countryman, glowing with all
the fervor of true hero-worship, and blushing
with all the medesty of true census, went di-

with all the modesty of true genius, went di-rectly with his conventional "open-seame" to the town house of the novelist, and chanced to meet that literary exquisite on chanced to meet that literary exquisive the steps, just going out for a drive. He then presented his letter, and stood in shy expectancy of a gracious reception. But Bulwer, with a mere glance at the signature, the back, saying, haughtily, "Mr. handed it back, saying, haughtily, "Mr. C—— has no such acquaintance with me as warrants his introducing any one to me." Then without even a "good-morning," he walked past his visitor, entered his carriage and drove away. It is comforting to think how amply time has avenged that piece of Olympian snubbing. The author of "Evan-geline" is far more popular in England at this day than the author of "Pelham."

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE QUEEN.-The biographers of Lord Brougham have done at least justice to his exertions for that respectable client, Queen Caroline. His devotion to her cause was perhaps a little in excess of his devotion to her person. He did not want her to come over, and he expressed that wish pretty plainly, adding in a letter, "to say nothing of the infernal personal annoyance of having such a devil to plague me for six months." This should be inserted as a foot-note at the end of the famous thirteen-times written peroration

Avoid Green Paper.-We learn by the Maine Farmer that Mr. Allen Lambard, of Augusta, has lost two valuable calves, and has two others dangerously ill, from the ef-fects of eating or licking some old house paper that was thrown in a corner of their pasture, containing a considerable portion of green color. A medical gentleman who examined the paper said that a square foot of its surface contained poison enough to kill four men.

AN EXPENSIVE TABLE. -The Sultan's silver table is to be one hundred and forty-eight feet long by sixteen feet broad. There is to be a fearfully elaborate centre-piece, two feet six inches high, beside end pieces, triumphal arches, flower pieces, etc. cost about \$800,000, beside which \$400,000

will be expended for linen, glassware and accompanying furniture.

\*\*The At a party, while a young lady was playing with peculiar brilliancy of touch, a bystander bachelor exclaimed, "I'd give the world for those fingers." "Perhaps you might get the whole hand by asking," said the young lady, observant and manouverthe young lady's observant and manœuver-ing mamma. The bachelor disappeared— The bachelor disappeared-

the offer of your hand and—house. estion is whether you take the same the matter."

is isn't such a fool," said Mr. Fair
isn't such a fool," said Mr. Fair
isn't such a fool, "said Mr. Fair
isn't such a fo

helter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

Nicknames of grand ladies is the atest fashion in Paris. The titles range all

the way from "the lily," and "yellow slippers," to "dirty face," and "piggy."

The Apecial correspondent of a Dublin paper, writing of the Prince of Wales' visit to Ireland, says: "I have told you that the disappointment occasioned by the Prince disappointment occasioned by the Prince and Princess' late arrival at Kingstown, and the absence of illumination till midnight,

was great. I said to the policeman who had charge of the gate-crossing near the station, 'Prince not come yet?' 'No, sir.' 'What's the meaning of his being late?' 'Can't tell, sir; Prince can do as he likes, sir; nobody to report him, sir.'"

"" Julesburg—one of the mushroom "cities" on the line of the Pacific Railroad—must be a desirable place for invalids. Of the one hundred and fifty deaths occurring during the six months of its existence, but

000 E

Living by Rule

As a Medo-Persian Law, inflexible, is very unwise, especially if a person is in reasonable health. We have given a great multitude of counsels on the subject of health and disease, and in connection with the statement that we have not lost an hour from our office, on account of sickness in a quarter of a century and more, many have inquired with a good deal of interest, "Do you live up to the rules you give others?" Certainly not; man is not a machine, that must be turned in a certain direction or it will be destroyed: nor like a locomobive must be turned in a certain direction or it will be destroyed; nor like a locomotive which must run on one fixed track, or not run at all. The Architect of all worlds made us for acting under a great variety of circumstances, and in infinite wisdom and benevolence has given to man a mechanism of wonderful adaptability, by which he can live healthfully on land or sea; in the valley or on the mountain top; in the tropics or at the poles; on the barren rocks or in the rich asvannas. Our modes of life must be adapted to our age, our occupation and the pecuthe poles; on the barren rocks or in the rich savannas. Our modes of life must be adapted to our age, our occupation and the peculiarities of our constitution. There are certain general principles which are applicable to all. Every man should be regular in his habits of eating; should have all the sound sleep which nature will take; should be in the open air an hour or two every day, when practicable, and should have a pleasurable and an encouragingly remunerative occupation, which keeps him a little pushed, and they are happiest who are in this last category; at the same time, if a man accustoms himself to go to bed at nine o'clook, he need not break his neck, or get into a stew, if circumstances occur to keep him up an hour or two later, now and then; and so with eating, exercise and many other things. No one ought to make himself a galley slave to any observance; occasional deviations from all habits are actually beneficial; they impart a pliability to the constitution, give it a greater range of healthful action. Don't go into a fit, if dinner is not ready at the instant. Deliver us from a machine man, a routinist, "fer which we ever pray."—

Hall's Journal of Health.

One day last week a little child fell into a cistern at Rochesier, while its mother's attention was temporarily called from it. On missing it the mother commenced searching for it, and in the course of five or six minutes drew from the bottom of the cistern her little one, to all appearances dead. A physician was sent for, and he, after three hours of unromitted labor over the child, had the satisfaction of restoring vitality to the chilled frame. Convulsions followed the restoration of vitality, but they followed the restoration of vitality, but they were soon checked, and the child has since fully recovered. The plan pursued was wrapping the body in warm flannels and in-

flating and compressing the lungs.

It is said that the star lady actors are about to hold a meeting to decide how many times a bouquet will bear to be "thrown over" during the warm weather. They go safely through three evenings, with proper care, in the cold easyers care, in the cold season.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 8000 bbls sold at \$7,25@8,50 for superfine; \$8,50@9,50 for extra; \$3,50@11 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for choice Minnesota; \$10@13 for Fenna and Ohio family, and \$12,50@14 \$9 bbl for fancy brande, according to quality. Rye Fiour; 200 bbls sold at \$3,45@3,50.

GRAIN—Frime Wheat continues scarce. 800 bus of good to prime old red sold at \$3,40@2,50, \$500 bus of Southern amber at \$2,4 65,45; 500 bus of Southern amber at \$2,50, and a small lot of Georgia at \$3,57 \$9 bus. Rye; 1500 bus of prime Fenna sold at \$1,50@1,50 bus. Corn; 80,00 bus of Western mixed sold at \$1,15@1,17; 500 bus of prime yellow at \$1,17@1,30, and small lots of white at \$1,12. Oate; \$3,000 bus of Fenna sold at \$1,15@1,17; 500 bus of Prime yellow at \$1,17@1,30, and small lots of white at \$1,12. Oate; \$3,000 bus of Fenna sold at \$9,800 bus of Western mixed sold at \$1,15@2,10; and and lot swapes and 6000 bus of choice light Yenna and lot lowages, and 6000 bus of choice light Yenna and Delaware at 90,800 bus of Prime at \$2,000 bus of Fenna sold bus of Fenna sold sold bus of Fenna sold sold bus of Fenna sold bus of Fenn

@28%c for Uplands, and 23%sec w B for New Orleans.
BARK—Sales of 80 bhds lst No. 1 Querettron at \$60 bton. Tanners' Bark is quoted at \$17@20 be cord for chestnut and Spanish eak.
BEESWAX—Sales of roomnon and choice western are reported at 60%86 by B.
FEATHERS—Sales of common and choice western are reported at 60%86 by B.
FitUIT—Dried Apples are selling at 7%10c by B.
Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 7%68%c, and halves at 13%634c by B. Pared Peaches range at from 10%26c by B. Pared Peaches range at from 10%26c by B. Pared Peaches range at from 10%26c by B. of New York at 15@50c, and Western

HOPS—Sales of New York at 10(5)00c, and weeks at 25(6)55 (9) B.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is rather more doing, Sales of Anthracite at \$77(6)28 for No 1; and 1500 tons of No 2, hard, at \$45 49 ton.

SEEDS—600 bus Cloverseed sold at \$7(6)7.50 for

SEEDS—600 bus Cloverseed sold at \$7,50,58 bus for good to prime Western. Timothy sell at \$2,750,58 bus, according to quality. Flanseed sells at \$2,58 bus, according to quality. Flanseed sells at \$2,68 bus.

TALLOW—Large sales are making at 12c for City rendered, and 11 \( \frac{11}{2} \) \( \frac{12}{2} \) \( \frac{12}{2} \) \( \frac{12}{2} \) for country.

WOOL—There has been a fair business doing, 400,000 Be sold at 50\( \frac{12}{2} \) \( \fra

# PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Berf Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 95 @10½ ets 9 B. 150 Cows brought from 945 to 60 % head. Sheep.—8000 head were disposed of at from 4@55% ets 9 B. 2008 Hogs sold at from \$15,00 to 14,00 % 10% Bs.

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Answer. Wanamaker & Brown's, Sixth and Market

streets.
Which is the CHEAPEST place to buy
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Answer. Because they always have the largest number of garments on hand for customers to make selections from, and their goods are always FRESHER, a large business keeping a steady flow of Question. Why is Wanamaker & Brown's CHEAPER than other places?

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Indisposition to exertion,
Loss of memory,
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Horror of disease,
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I yenes of the skin,
I remblang,
Fusblanc of the body,
Fusblanc of the body.
These symptoms, if allowed to even, which this medicane invar ably removes, soom follow. om, if allowed to seen, which this me

FATUITY, EPILEPTIC FITS, in one of which the patient may expire.

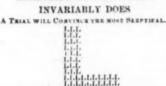
Who can say that they are not frequently followed by
hose "direful diseases,"

INSANITY AND CONSUMPTION? THE RECORDS OF THE INSANE ASYLUMS and the melancholy deaths by Consumption near ample witness to the truth of the assection. The constitution, once affected with

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# SHERMAN

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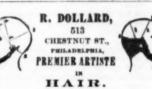
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# WIT AND HUMOR.

ove Smil-House Alphab was an Angel of sweet seventeen;
-was the Ball-room in which she was

was the Chaperone devoted to cards D-was the Deux Tempe with Doyle of the

-was her Eye, of fine rolling black, -was the Pan that Doyle would not give

back.
G-was her Glove, of exquisite kid,
H-was the Hand it so spitefully hid.
I-was the Ice the fair angel demanded,
J-was the Juvenile rushing to hand it.
K-was her Kerchief, of exquisite art,
L-was the Lace that formed the chief

M-was old Maid that mt through the N-was the Nose she turned up at sly

O-was the Olga-walts, then in its prime, P-was the Partner who could not keep

Q-the Quadrilles that should have been R—the Remarks that were made on the

S-was the Supper they went to in pairs T-was the Twaddle they talked on stairs.

U-was the Uncle who said, "Let's be V-was the Voice the fair angel said

W-was the Waiter who stayed very late, X-was his Exit which wasn't qu straight.
Y—was the Yawn which comes after the ball,

Z-stands for Zero-nothing at all.

Forgot his Name.

A conceited fellow by the name of Head, in making New Year's calls in a certain city, made the acquaintance of a young lady upon whom he flattered himself he had effected a very decided impression. He felt that he was irresistible to the sex, anyhow, but in this particular instance he was confi-dent that he had accomplished a complete conquest. Not to be too cruol to the damsel whom he imagined to be languishing over whom he imagined to be languishing over his absence, he called upon her again after the new year was a week or so old. That he might feast upon the surprise and joy she would evince ou discovering who her caller was, he refrained from giving his name to the servant who answered his ring, but instructed her to tell Miss —— that a very particular friend desired an interview. He was subgred into the parter, and after a He was ushered into the parlor, and after a

he was usnered into the parior, and after a brief delay the young lady whom he sup-posed to be rapidly approaching dissolution on his account, entered.

She paused on the threshold and looked embarrassed. He expected that, but con-trary to his expectations, no blush of emo-tion or gleam of recognition, even, lighted her countenance.

her countenance. her countenance.
"Don't you remember me?" said he, putting on the smile which he had imagined had
melted her young and susceptible heart
upon their first meeting. "You know I
called here last New Year's with a party in

"Oh, yea," said the young lady, who didn't appear in the least crushed by the recollection, "I remember. Your face did collection, "I remember, look familiar, but your name-

"Don't you remember my name?" in-quired the heart-pulverizer, with an air of deep chagrin.
"I have almost got it," said the lady,

with a puzzled smile "It isn't Brown "No, indeed. But really, madam, this is not very flattering to me, your forgetting my name. I imagined that I had made a decided impression

decided impression."
"So you did, so you did," the lady hastened to say. "Strange that your name should have escaped me, though. I was thinking of it just before you rang. Don't tell me what it is. I shall think of it in a minute. Really, this is quite mortifying; what has become of my memory?" and she trotted her pretty little foot impatiently on the

face brightening up, she advances toward him with outstretched hand, and cordially excli

" Why, Mr. Squash, how do you do?"

# An Irish Verdict.

There was a man before an Irish jury on his trial for murder. It was a bull of a trial; for the defence produced in court, alive and well the man who was said to have been killed. But the trial went on, and the jury went out, and not to be daunted by any such little fact as the presence alive of the man who should have been dead, they

brought the prisoner in guilty.
"How's this?" says the judge; "there has been no murder; the man is alive in

Well, your honor," said the foreman, ry is convinced that the prisoner murder this man, but he is a dangerous person. I am sure he killed my gray mare—and we believe that hanging him is necessary for the peace of the coun-try."

"Why is it, John," asked a lady teacher of one of her primary class in botany, "that the flower of a daisy is always on the top of a stalk looking up !"
"I can't tell," was the decisive answer.

Next," said the teacher.
I don't know," replied the second
I guess I've got it," said an urchin at

"I guess I've got it," said an urchin at the foot of the class.
"Well, what do you say, Ralph?"
"I think," said the boy, looking down upon the floor, "it's for the same reason that the school-marm's waterfall is always on the top of a stalk, looking up; 'cause it's the fashion!"

A SNAKE STORY.—Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this: He was standing one day beside a frog pond —we have his word for it—and saw a large



EVIDENT.

EMMA.—" Well, aunty, how do you think the seaside agrees with me?" AUNTY.—" Lor', my love, it's made quite a man of you!"

#### RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

Dear little children, wandering down the paths, When all the meadow lands are bright

with these, oth their hands with the red clover blooms, Finding a deeper sweetness than do bees. And I? I pass the fair June roses by

Unwatched; let the tri-colored violets grow; But with fast-throbbing heart, I linger le Where, through the grass, the clover blos soms glow

used to pluck them, too, in other days; But, ah, not now-never on earth again! Grow, little globes of brightness, unafraid, Breathing your fragrant lives out in the

would not dare to touch you, lest my Should stain the whiteness of a thought that comes

So near to me, so very near and dear, And smiles forever from your purple blooms!

know not if in wilfulness, or love nething hid in you, she placed you there,

A fragrant clover blossom in her hair.

There is a certain kind of affectation very common among pretty women: and this is the affectation of not knowing that they are pretty, and not recognizing the effect of their beauty on men. Take a woman with bewildering eyes, say, of a maddening size and shape, and fringed with long lashes that distract you to look at: the creature knows and shape, and fringed with long tastics that distract you to look at; the creature knows that her eyes are bewildering, as well as she knows that fire burns and that ice melts; she knows the effect of that trick she has with them,—the sudden uplifting of the heavy lid, and the swift, full gaze that she gives right into a man's eyes. She has prac-lical it often in the glass, and knows to a heavy lid, and the swift, full gaze that she gives right into a man's eyes. She has practised it often in the glass, and knows to a but they had all been rendered more or less magnetic, so that there was not a single nail in the loss but might have served the purpose of the gaze. She knows the whole her pretty little root in a carpet.

"But let me give you a hint," said Mr. Head, whose mortification was rapidly increasing.

"But let me give you a hint," said Mr. which the lid must be raised, and the exact fixity of the gaze. She knows the whole meaning of the look, and the stirring of men's blood that it creates; but if you speak that affect of her trick, she puts on Well, just a little hint. I should think your fame in a minute anyhow—just the to her of the affect of her trick, she puts on an air of extremest innocence, and protests her entire ignorance as to anything her eyes may say or mean; and if you press her hard she will look at you in the same way for brightening up, she advances toward a with outstretched hand, and cordially slaims—

Why. Mr. Soutsh, how do you do?"

Men's blood that it creates; but if you speak to her of the affect of her trick, she puts on an air of extremest innocence, and protests her entire ignorance as to anything her eyes may say or mean; and if you press her hard she will look at you in the same way for your own benefit, and deny at the very moment of offence. Various other tricks has she with those bewildering eyes of herseath, and the other to men's coach more perilous than the other to men's coach more perilous tha each more perilous than the other to men's peace; and all unsparingly employed, no matter what the result. For this is the womatter what the result. For this is the wo-man who flirts to the extreme limits, then Gone is the mighty music that of yore thing. Step by step she has led you on, with looks and smiles, and pretty doubtful phrases always susceptible of two meanings, the one for the ear by mere word, the death; hrases always susceptible of two mean-ges, the one for the ear by mere word, the ther for the heart by the accompaniments. Gone is the hope that in the darkest day of look and manner, which are intangible. Step by step she has drawn you deeper and deeper into the maze, where she has gone before as your decoy: then, when she has was cast; you safe, she raises her eyes for the last time, complains that you have mistaken her all gone—but Love!

Oh, coward to repi more than any one else might mean; and what can she do to repair her mistake? Love you? marry you? No; she is enmarry you? No; sne marry you? No; sne war rival, who counts his thougaged to your rival, who counts his thou-sands to your hundreds; and what a pity that you had not seen this all along, and that you should have so misunderstood her! Besides, what is there about her that you or anybody should love

Of all the many affectations of women, this affectation of their own harmlessness, when beautiful, and of their innocence of design when they practice their arts for the dis-comfiture of men, is the most dangerous and the most disastrous. But what can one say to them? The very fact that they are dangerous disarms a man's anger and blinds his perception until too late. That men love though they suffer, is the woman's triumph, guilt, and condonation; and so long as the trick succeeds it will be practised. Another affectation of the same fatised. Another affectation of the same fa-mily is the extreme friendliness and famili-arity which some women adopt in their manners towards men. Young girls affect an almost maternal tone to h age, or a year or so older; and they, too, when their wiser elders remonstrate, dewhen their wiser elders remonstrate, uggarter snake make an attempt upon an enormous bull frog. The snake seised one of
the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on
a par with his snakeship, caught him by the
tail, and both commenced swallowing one
another until nothing was left of them.

when their wiser elders remonstrate, ugclare they mean nothing, and how hard it is
that they may not be natural. This form of
affectation, once begin, continues through
life, being too convenient to be lightly discarded; and youthful matrons not long out
of their teens assume a tone and ways that

would about befit middle age counselling giddy youth, and that might by chance be dangerous even then if the "Indian sumwas specially bright and warm.

### Strange Frenks of Lightning.

Lightning, like light, furnishes another wonderful succession of marvels. How delicate, how subtle! It performs its work sometimes with scarcely a touch. It is a most extravagant idea to compare the causes of thunder and the effects of lightning to the noise and effects of cannon and cannon-ball; we are face to face with an essentially superior force. It might be said that it constitutes a transition between this one and a tutes a transition between this one and a better one; in fact, it is really subject to transcendental laws which our weak intelli-

gence cannot grasp.

Bodies have been killed repeatedly by lightning, and they have not given the slightest trace of any wound or scar, no slight touch of a burn or a contusion, no hint of the way by which the bird sprang from its confinement. Delicate and most subtle, we have said, has often been its work. Think we have said, has often been us wors.
of it melting a bracelet from a lady's wrist, yet leaving the wrist untouched; think of it melting instantly a pair of crystal goblets suddenly, without breaking them. Arago tells how the lightning one day visited the shop of a Suabian cobbler, did not touch the artizan, but magnetized all his tools. One can well imagine three all his tools. One can well imagine the immense dismay of the poor fellow; his hammer, pincers and awl attracted the needles, pins and tacks and nails, and caused them to adhere firmly to the tools. The amazed shoemaker thought that everything in the shop was suddenly bedevilled, or else that he was dreaming. And there are several well-authenticated

And there are several well-authenticated cases like this, showing that iron can be rendered magnetic by the electric current. We read of a merchant of Wakefield, who had placed in a corner of his room a box of knives and forks, and iron tools, destined to be sent to the colonies; in came the lightning, struck open the box, spread all the articles on the floor, and it was found, when they were nicked up that every one had sethey were picked up, that every one had acquired new properties—they had all been affected by the subtle touch of the current. Some remained intact, others were melted,

uddenly draws up and says she meant no- Swept through the woods or rolled upon the

Saw bright To-morrow with empurpling

Oh, coward to repine Thou hast all else, if Love indeed be thine

# Simple Rule for Preserving Furs.

months. Some one advertises to send the requisite information for one dollar.

Darkness is all that is necessary. The

"miller," the eggs from which moths are hatched, only moves in light; the moths themselves work in darkness. Hang the furs in a very dark closet and keep the doors shut; keep it always dark, and you can have no trouble. But, as closet doors are sometimes left open, the better way is to enclose the articles loosely in a paper, put this in a pillow-case, or wrap around a cloth, and hang it up in a dark closet. Camphors, spices or perfumes are of no use. Continual darkness is sufficient. And do not take out the furs in June or July to give them an "airing," for even then cometh the enemy, and it may be that, in fifteen minutes after exposure, it has deposited a hundred eggs, If you consider an airing indispensable, gi the furs a good switching, and put the quickly back.

LF A boy in England was blown by the rind across a railroad track just in time to

Cast no dirt into the well that has

## AGRICULTURAL.

A Word to the Boys.

It is now haying time, a season of the year when all hands must be lively. You will be called upon to drive the horses for the mowing machine and rake. Don't be too rash with them. Let everything move along steadily and smoothly. No machinery can go by jerks without being destroyed. Be up early in the morning so as to work as much as possible in the cool of the day, and to be dear early as possible and secure all. go to bed as early as possible and secure all the aleep you can. If you are learning to use a hand scythe don't whet it over your use a hand scythe don't whet it over your shoulder but under it. A slip of the snath may spoil your shoulder. Take good eare of the hand rakes and forks. Learn to stow a load of hay well, so it shall look in good shape and ride over rough ground without being thrown off with you beneath it. Learn to do your light work nimbly, your heavy work slowly. Whatever you have to do, try and do it as well as anybody else, if you cannot do as much. Rapidity of motion is secured by first carefully watching the motion of things. Keep an eye on the garden and pull up the weeds and give them to the pigs. It promotes their health and growth. Lastly, remember that you are now laying the foundations for a solid manhood. A boy that works well through haying will be likely to thrive anywhere.—Maine Farmer.

#### Pumpkins Amongst Corn.

Almost all "old fashioned" farmers" take off a crop of pumpkins from their corn fields, much to the annoyance of the theorist who demonstrates to his entire satisfaction that demonstrates to his entire satisfaction that the one crop must detract from the full force of the other. But the most careful experi-ments show no loss to the corn. The same weight results from an acre, with or without the pumpkins. It does at first thought seem as if it ought not to be so. If it take just so many bushels of corn to fatten a hog, it is not clear how we are to fitten two from so many business of corn to ratten a nog, it is not clear how we are to fatten two from the one quantity. This is the argument of the theorizer. But the facts are as we have stated; and the reason probably is, that the pumpkins and corn feed on entirely different foods in the soil, so that the one can go on without the other.

WHAT BECOME OF THE BUMBLEBEES In reply to this question, C. V. Riley, the state entomologist of Missouri, says through the Country Gentleman, that "they all die the Country Gentleman, that "they all die off on approach of winter, except a few females who quit their nests and hibernate in any sheltered place they can find. These scattering females are the Methuselahs, so to speak, of their race, and with wonderful single exertion dig the holes in which they lay the foundation for a new colony, by forming their oval, unevenly built cells, and depositing eggs, which produce workers. These soon develope sufficiently to help her, and carry out her plans after she is dead." and carry out her plans after she is dead.

To Horsemen.—A correspondent of the Scientific American gives this advice to horsemen: Whenever they notice their horse directing his ears to any point what ever, or indicating the slightest disposition to become afraid, let them, instead of pulling the rein to bring the horse towards the object causing its nervousness, pull it on the object causing its nervousness, pull it on the other side. This will instantly divert the attention of the horse from the object which is exciting his suspicion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will pay no more attention to the object, from which he will fly away if forcibly driven to it by pull-ing the wrong rein.

PORK AND BEANS .- The cheapest and most nutritious vegetable used for food is beans. Prof. Liebig says that pork and beans form a compound of substances pecu-liarly adapted to furnish all that is necesharly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life. A quart of beans costs say 15 cents; half a pound of pork, 10 cents. This, as every housekeeper knows, will keep a small family for a day with good strengthening food. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in 50 quarts of water, will furnish a good meal to 40 men at a cost of \$1—two cents and a half a meal a meal.

OLD EWES.—In reply to questions by a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, "Wool Grower" says: Breeding ewes will fatten well at even eight years of age—if their teeth are yet good. Merinos fatten all the better for being at least four years old. Much the best plan in fattening breeding ewes is to let them go unbred. Merino sheep have to be fattened in the summer and fall, then grained strongly through the winter to make them keep what they have. Quite old and broken-mouthed ewes can be Quite old and broken-mouthed ewes can be fattened only on good grass and corn meal.

# RECEIPTS.

STRAWBERRY OR BLACKBERRY ACID. -Stem, wash, and pick, twelve pounds of fruit, and put in dishes, and sprinkle over them five ounces of tartaric acid, and pour over them two quarts of water. Let it stand thus for forty-eight hours, and strain it without bruising the fruit, and to every pint of juice add from one to one and a qu ounds of powdered white sugar. Stir till issolved, and leave it uncovered for a few ays. Then bottle, and if inclined to ferment, leave the corks out for a few days

CAULIFLOWERS .- Soak the head two ours in salt water, and cook until tender in milk and water; drain, and serve whole with drawn butter; this makes the best appearance, but it will be found to suit the taste better cut up and seasoned richly with butter and a little salt and pepper. In either case it must be well drained.

BUN FRITTERS .- Dip stale sliced buns in milk, with 2 or 3 eggs beaten well, and stir-red in till completely saturated; then fry them a light brown, and dip them imme-diately in powdered cinnamon and sugar. Serve hot.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT CREAM -Toke new nilk, scald half of it, and thicken it with lour; let it boil until all the raw taste of the flour disappears, and the whole is smooth and as thick as the thickest cream; stir it while hot in the other part of the milk, litand as thick as the thickest cream; stir it while hot in the other part of the milk, little by little; flavor with lemon and vanilla, half and half; sweeten very sweet, and strain the whole through a sieve. The milk should be boiled over water for fear of scorching, and the flour thoroughly cooked in it, or it will be very poor. If this is made properly, it will be taken for rich cream; it freezes very smoothly.

Freezes very smoothly.

Baked Custard.—Whites and yolks of 5 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 pint milk, salt; beat this light, then bake. Eat with

### THE RIDDLER.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 2, 12, 14, 4, was an emperor of Rome.

My 22, 27, 18, 22, 3, 7, 5, is a poem by Sir
Walter Scott.

My 15, 9, 20, 26, 3, 27, is a kingdom of Eu-

rope. My 21, 13, 10, 14, 3, 19, 11, 25, 27, and 6, 28, 26, 11, 27, are two celebrated yachta. My 22, 7, 34, 15, 29, 6, 8, 27, is a town in

My 30, 21, 3, 7, and 22, 3, 20, 26, 4, 9, 18, 3, are two of the United States.

My 26, 23, 22, 3, 30, 7, 28, 16, are a tribe of Indians.

Indians.

My 17, 30, 14, 22, 4, 20, 27, is an island in the Pacific ocean.

My 22, 27, 18, 11, 3, 14, 8, 9, 25, 21, 16, 18, was a Christian reformer.

My 27, 11, 21, 12, 10, 30, is a city in Greece.

My 17, 23, 7, 1, 15, is an article used in every household.

My 11, 16, 27, is a product of China.

My whole is an institution long to be remembered by the soldiers.

J. P. CHESEBRO.

A southern prison.
A town in Delaware.
A town in New York. A river in France, A city in Africa. A country in Europe. A city in Ireland. A river in Asia. A city in South America. One of the states. A town in Oregon. A river in Texas One of the grand divisions. A river in Illinois.

A lake in Minnesota. My initials form the name of a celebrated tress.

AMANDA PENROSE.

Cambridge, O.

If a man owe \$2,000, what sum shall be pay daily so as to cancel the debt, principal and interest, at the end of the year, reckoning interest at 6 per cent.?

W. H. MORROW.

An answer is requested.

Trigonometric Problem. If I start from Philadelphia, latitude North 39° 55', and travel South 100 miles, thence West 100 miles, thence North 100 miles, thence East 100 miles, how far will I

be from the place of beginning?

JOSEPH S. PHEBUS. Nebraska City, Nebraska

### Conundrums.

\*\* I say, Sam, if I tells you a lie, why is dat like my ole arm-chair?" "I doesn't see de resemblance, Pete." "Wall, look yere; coe it's de seat dat I use."

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? Ans.—One longs to cat and the other cats too long.

What word in English is both sour and sweet? Ans.—Tart. \*\*The may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? Ans.—When it has a little Indian in it.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Daniel Webster, Marshfield, Mass. ENIGMA FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS—Mannerly. ENIGMA—"There is nothing lost by courtesy."

GREEN CORN CAKES.-Grate the corn : make a rich batter with cream, or according to directions given for batter cakes. Use just enough of the batter to hold the corn together, and lay the cakes on the griddle, as you would a common griddle-cake; serve with butter.

MILK LEMONADE.—Dissolve three-quar-

ters of a pound of loaf sugar in one pint of boiling water, and mix with one gill of lemon juice, and one gill of sherry; then add three gills of cold milk. Stir the whole well together, and strain it.

CORNUCOPIAS.—Mix in a basin one-quarter of a pound of fine white sifted sugar and two ounces of flour; break two perfectly fresh eggs into this, and beat it well. Rub a little white wax on your baking sheet, take about a desert-spoonful of the mixture and spread it in a round on yourtin. Bake these three minutes, take each off with a knife, and, as you do so, carefully roll each, at the oven's mouth, into a jelly bag or cornucopia oven's mouth, into a jelly bag or cornucopia shape. Dry them a little before the fire after they are rolled, fill them with pink or white whipped cream, and send them to table on a nicely-folded napkin. They wilk keep for some little time, if placed in a tin box in a dry place, without the cream, which must be put in fresh when they are to be served up.

e served up.

If you are troubled to get soft water for ashing, fill a tub or barrel half full of woodashes, and fill it up with water, so that you may have lye whenever you want it; a gallon of strong lye, put into a kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain-water; some people use pearlash, or rotash, but this cost something, and is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth.

BREAKFAST CAKE, No. 1 .- One pint of milk, three eggs, half cup melted butter; stir in flour sufficient to make a thin batter. Bake in cups. This will rise a great deal, and the cups should be less than half full when put into the oven.

A farmer living a few miles from Yolo (Cal.) recently had occasion to visit San Francisco. On his departure he left his San Francisco. On his departure he left his ranch in charge of his wife, who generally looks after the interests of her husband during his absence. Shortly after being left alone she learned that some parties were making preparations to "jump" an adjoining quarter-section of land claimed by her husband, but which had not been improved as the law directs presented to to do in order to oand, but which had not been improved as the law directs pre-emptors to do in order to hold their estate. The energetic woman rose early in the morning, hauled lumber the distance of one mile, built a house on the disputed territory, moved her furniture into the new house and took up her abode in it. (all in one day) and held the into the new house and took up her abode in it, (all in one day,) and held the claim in triumph until the return of her unsuspecting partner.

"That man who pays more for his rent than for his advertising does not know his business." This maxim of an experi-enced and successful merchant is incontrovertible. It matters less to have a fine store then that everybody should know where it is and what is in it.